

The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

L. 42 NO. 3

MARCH 1955



"Unto the Elect Lady"

"THE elder unto the elect lady and her children, whom I love in the truth; and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth;

For the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever.

Grace be with you, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love.

I rejoiced greatly that I found of thy children walking in truth, as we have received a commandment from the Father.

And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.

And this is love, that we walk after his commandments. This is the commandment, That, as ye have heard from the beginning, ye should walk in it" (The Second Epistle of John 1-6).

The Cover: "Verbena Bouquets on the Desert, Near La Quinta, California"

Photograph by Joseph Muench

Frontispiece: "Pansies," Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Since I was a girl in my teens I have enjoyed reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. I always looked forward to reading the wonderful stories. After my marriage the *Magazine* was one of the first publications in my home. The stories still appeal to me, but I now enjoy also the articles and monthly lessons. Recently I was called to be president of our ward Relief Society, and the *Magazine* has become not just something to be enjoyed, but something to help me in this new calling.

—Ora Stoker Whittier
Rockland, Idaho

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

On every page I feel the need
To read and read on more,
And every single page I read,
I'm richer than before.

It is a blessing in my home,
A helping hand to guide me;
Its friendly words when I'm alone
Are always there beside me.

—Mrs. Irene O. Clawson
Hyrum, Utah

I love *The Relief Society Magazine*—everything in it. I have an invalid boy and I read it to him. I can't get to meeting very often, because I can't leave him alone, and I don't have anyone to stay with him. We read the *Magazine* from cover to cover.

—Mary A. Ostler
Roosevelt, Utah

I am a convert to the Church, having been a member for the past six years, and for five years I have received *The Relief Society Magazine* regularly, and I find it the grandest, greatest little *Magazine*. Therefore in October and November 1954, I obtained gift subscriptions for eight of my best friends, none of whom are in this Church. They have all told me that they appreciate *The Relief Society Magazine* and enjoy reading it.

—Laura Jensen
Long Island, New York

I always read every article in *The Relief Society Magazine* and often give it as a Christmas gift to friends.

—Mrs. Lucile Roberts
Fortuna, California

The Relief Society Magazine has always been my favorite publication, both as a child, and especially now when the written word is our only contact with the Church. We are enjoying our stay in India, but like all Americans in foreign lands, we will return home with a deeper appreciation for our own great land, and the unlimited opportunities there for all. My husband is giving technical aid in the design section, aggregate plant, for the Bhakra Dam, which will be the second largest dam in the world. We have two girls, six and three. There are thirty American families here, and some of the first families here organized a Sunday School, which has been successful with at least seventy-five per cent of the children. I have the children from three to seven years of age, and it is gratifying to know that the children are forming the habit of attending church on Sunday morning. We have had several Christian missionaries and Christian medical missionaries visit our group . . . I miss the stimulation of mind and spirit which I always received at our own Latter-day Saint meetings.

—Mrs. G. R. Anderson, Jr.
Nangal Township
District of Hoshiarpur
Punjab, India

I hope *The Relief Society Magazine* continues to flourish, and that it will continue to go to many women in far-off lands. I met a fine lady from New Mexico on the bus. She said her picture had appeared in the "Notes From the Field" in a recent *Magazine*. I looked up the picture and found this lady with her four daughters, all singers, from Lordsburg, New Mexico. It is wonderful to realize how much good the *Magazine* does all over the world.

—Mrs. Adella Waterlyn
Provo, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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"O Be Wise; What Can I Say More?"

Aleine M. Young

Member, General Board of Relief Society

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference,
September 30, 1954]

MY dear brothers and sisters, I wish it were possible for me this afternoon, to express to my Heavenly Father and to you, the gratitude that is in my heart for the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ in these latter days, and for the organization of our own great Relief Society by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

It is a real thrill to look out over this vast auditorium today and see all these wonderful sisters, and to realize that most of you are workers in this great women's organization. When we add to this great number all the sisters throughout the Church that are members, think what a wonderful power for good we can be if we will all be wise and live up to all the commandments that have been given to us.

When Jacob, the brother of Nephi, was pleading with his people to believe in Jesus Christ and live up to all the teachings of the prophets, he concluded with these words: "O be wise; what can I say more?" This is the message that I would like to bring to you today, be wise.

Last summer I attended a sacrament meeting and a fireside for the young people at Bryce Canyon Lodge. I was thrilled with the sincerity of the many young people who stood and bore their testi-

monies. One of the things that impressed me most at that time was the statement of many of these young people that their parents had been their example; that they had not only taught their children the principles of the gospel, but they had lived it themselves. What greater happiness could come to a parent than to hear this and to know it to be true? These parents have been wise and are reaping the reward.

This is the reverse of the words of Emerson, who said, "What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say." These young people have said of their parents, "What you are stands over you, and thunders so, that I, too, will be wise and follow your example."

When the Pharisee came to Jesus and said, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?" (Mt. 22:36) he replied saying:

... Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself (Mt. 22:37-39).

I am sure that as Relief Society workers we are all endeavoring to live up to these two great command-

ments, but there are others that we should also follow, if we are wise. We should at all times accept the advice and instructions of our leaders who counsel us so wisely. We will remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. This commandment was given to us for our own good that we might have a day of much needed rest, and the opportunity to improve ourselves and to grow spiritually.

If we are wise, we will attend our meetings and we will urge our children to go with us, for it is here that we learn of Christ and his teachings. It is here that we renew our covenants with our Heavenly Father.

IF we are wise, we will keep the Word of Wisdom, for it is God's law and his will that we do this. Doctors and scientists and those who are living the Word of Wisdom today are proving that it is the right way of life and that everyone will benefit by doing so.

If we are wise, we will accept in all humility any calling that comes to us in the Church, and give to it our best efforts, for it is through activity in the Church that we grow and our testimonies are strengthened.

I have mentioned but a few of the commandments that we should adhere to, if we are wise. There are others just as important, and we are not in a position to choose the ones that we feel apply to us. The Lord tells us to keep all his commandments, and Jesus said:

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father . . . (John 14:21).

In Jesus' Sermon on the Mount, and also in his great sermon to the Nephites, he advises us in these words from The Book of Mormon:

Therefore, whoso heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock—And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand—And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it (3 Nephi 14:24-27).

Which are we like, the wise or the foolish man? Are we building our house upon the rock of obedience or upon the sands of disobedience?

If we are wise, we will build it upon the rock and receive the blessings that have been promised to us in the sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, which says:

Now, as you have asked, behold, I say unto you keep my commandments, and seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion; Seek not for riches, but for wisdom, and behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich (D. & C. 6:6-7).

We all believe this, and we are all working and looking forward to eternal life in the celestial kingdom of our Father in heaven, but in order to achieve it, we must always follow the advice of Jacob when he said: "O be wise, what can I say more?"

I pray that we may all have the strength and courage to do this, and I humbly ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Third Prize Story
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Survival Under Protest

Leola S. Anderson

THE first Monday night that Joanna jumped up from the dinner table to rush off to first-aid training class, George was amused.

"Sure, I'll be baby-sitter, honey," he said magnanimously. "Never let it be said that the Georges, pappy and son, ever dimmed the lamp of our own Crusader!"

Joanna pulled a face at him, running her fingers down her blue skirt over slim, lovely hips. It was a heady evening in early spring, with the setting sun sending gold fingers through the yellow organdy curtains to caress the blond heads of all three Camerons. The smell of freshly watered lawns from this corner up both sides of the subdivision came strongly through the open window. Serenity ruled inside and out, as if disaster were seven light-years away.

Poised behind their chairs, Joanna turned each blond head back and dropped a quick kiss on two turned-up noses, Geordy's little button one and George's strong ski-jump one.

"Bye, precious. 'Bye, hon."

"Not so fast!" George caught her wrist as she zoomed past and pulled her down into his lap. "I deserve better than that for tubbing, pantsing, and bedding my son down. To



LEOLA S. ANDERSON

say nothing of washing up your dishes!"

"Oh, George, the dishes, too? When you hate them so?" The stars came out in Joanna's blue eyes. "You're the nicest husband I ever married."

"Just this once, I will," he said, "because I have an idea there won't be another one. Just let that Red Cross expert start talking about great, gaping, bloody wounds, and Mammy's life-saving career will end at the rail."

Joanna turned a little pale, but she swallowed hard and firmed her lips resolutely. "No! I'm going to

get clear through this one. Why, it may mean our very survival."

George's eyebrows went all the way up. "So bad?" There was laughter in his voice.

Joanna nodded vigorously. "If we do as the Church tells us, we don't need to fear anything. And this we've been told to do. Besides, Civil Defense is warning us, too. The time has come when every home must be prepared for—for—well, for whatever comes."

Geordy pounded his spoon in the soupy mess in his plate. "Mum, mum, mum!" he chortled.

George nodded solemnly. "You're so right, both of you." He planted a swift, businesslike kiss upon Joanna's soft mouth and stood her on her feet, all five-feet-two of her. "Now you rush right out and prepare to defend our home, honey, while I mop up my son and heir." He grinned, towering over her. Outside a horn honked.

Joanna flung her arms around his neck for a moment and ran for the door. "Never mind the dishes," she sang. "I'll do 'em when I get back."

George addressed his son, man to man. "She won't be able to look a greasy dish in the face by then. Come on, boy, let's harvest that mashed potato crop in your hair."

That was the first time.

JOANNA came home bubbling with pride and fairly oozing knowledge. Before George could bring himself to protest, she had bandaged him for a broken jaw, a dislocated shoulder, and a sprained ankle. She left him slightly shaken and all tied up on the divan while she made a tour of her small castle.

Geordy was sweetly, cleanly asleep in his crib; the dishes were in their proper cupboards; even the sink was washed and the dishcloth wrung dry. Joanna sighed ecstatically.

The second time, George was thoughtful.

"How long," he asked carefully, as dinner again neared a precipitate close for Joanna, "does this class go on?"

"Nine weeks, two hours a night, every Monday at seven," Joanna smiled, while she stripped off her beruffled apron, smoothed down her skirt, and prepared to kiss her family goodbye again. "Tonight we're going to do leg bandages and wounds."

"Wounds, hon? Shall I send an ambulance around for you?"

Outside the horn sounded, Joanna laughed. "Oh, I'm over that! There's Marge. 'Bye!"

With Geordy in his arms, George followed her to the door. Marge grinned and shook her red head at him.

"Isn't this something?" she trebled. "I've always wanted to dash off to the wars, leaving the little man at home!"

George grinned bravely back. "Ours to worry and to wait!" He flinched as the tires gripped the asphalt and got away with a squeal. A little frown seamed his eyebrows together. "Your mother," he told his egg-smeared son, "is not *that* strong a character."

He was right. She came home blanched and shaking. Marge brought her in.

"Just let her lie down for awhile," she said. "She'll be all right. Little squeamish, that's all."

George scowled. "She never could

stand the sight of blood. She can't even stand talking about it. This is the end of first aid here!"

Marge backed out the front door and escaped. George laid Joanna on the divan and put a cold cloth on her head. After awhile she opened her eyes and smiled weakly at him.

"I should put my head down by my knees," she murmured. "Keep me from fainting. I'll be all right in a few minutes."

"Sure, sure," George soothed. "Better talk bandages."

"You shouldn't ever use a tourniquet, except as a last resort," she said faintly. "But if you do, mark a T on the victim's forehead with your lipstick."

"I will," George promised.

She swallowed. "You know, this is plain silly."

"I'm glad you realize it," George exploded. "Well, you tried."

"I mean giving in to it like this!" She sat up and jerked the wet cloth from her head. "Anyway, we just talked about it. After all, what's b—blood?" She stood up, shoulders square — momentarily. Then she wilted. "Let's go to bed, huh?"

THE third Monday night, there was a battle.

"Of course I'm going," Joanna's blue eyes were never surer. "Tonight we learn artificial respiration. You have to have artificial respiration to pass the course!"

"I'll have to have it, if you pass the course!"

She looked levelly at him. "That's nonsense. We'll both be glad some day that I didn't give up. Why, suppose Geordy got hurt, bad" Her face went white at the thought.

"Look, honey." George was holding his temper by a small, serrated thread. "Dr. Peterson's office is in the next block, a fire station and a hospital within four. Do you really think it's a matter of life or death that you rush off like mad to learn to tie square knots? You can get that from my old scout book!"

Joanna's eyes blazed blue fire to meet the smoke in his. "In case of disaster . . ."

"Disaster! Disaster! All I hear is disaster!" he shouted. "Are you trying to scare everybody silly? How about a little peace at home, for a change?"

"You don't have to wash the dishes, George," she said with dignity. "And I can bathe Geordy before I go. That's what is really bothering you, isn't it?"

George knew when he was whipped—temporarily. But he was a tenacious person by nature, and personal injuries to his masculine pride could be laughed off only so long. Though he pushed Joanna out the door when Marge honked, though he washed the dishes in ten minutes flat (breaking only two plates and a brown pottery bowl), though he bathed Geordy and put him into his crib and kissed him goodnight, he rumbled like Mauna Loa all the time. And with his domestic duties scrupulously completed, he erupted down the block to compare outraged notes with Marge's husband.

DAN Johnson hadn't made such good time as George. He still wore one of Marge's aprons like a postage stamp on his vast front.

"Don't fight it, boy." His huge frame shook with laughter. "The

little women thrive on opposition. And it won't last. They'll get tired of it in a couple weeks. 'Specially Marge. She isn't the crusading type."

"Joanna is," George mumbled glumly. "And she's obsessed with the idea there's going to be a disaster—on a magnificent scale—and we must be prepared!"

But even George didn't realize the significance of his own words. Not then. Not, in fact, until the night he came home from work to find his fishing equipment, creels, reels, bait and all, stacked in neat piles on the back lawn, together with the two old tires he'd been saving almost a year now. Premonition hit him a low blow.

He put his head in the door of what he had always fondly regarded as his own province, the little cubbyhole between the furnace and laundry. There was nothing left of all the familiar clutter of precious old hats, half-built wagons for Geordy, or assorted items of toolcraft. It was stark and bare, and the walls smelled faintly of disinfectant. Joanna was busily scrubbing the floor.

"It's very sweet of you, honey, to clean out my work room, but it wasn't really necessary to fumigate," he said warily.

Joanna pushed back a stray lock of hair with a grimy wrist. "This," she announced proudly, "is our Survival Room."

"Our what?" he yelled.

"When it's finished it will hold food, clothing, bedding, first-aid supplies . . ."

"Stop!"

But he knew she couldn't. It

was like flying in the face of a tidal wave.

That's why he found himself, during odd moments in the next few weeks, nailing shelves along the walls, lugging in folding cots, fashioning a rather fine clothes closet in one corner. The neighbors began dropping in to admire his work.

"Why, you're quite a carpenter, boy," big Dan Johnson rumbled. "I almost wish Marge had got steamed up to make me do this. Snug little spot you've got here."

George accepted the praises woodenly.

AS the green of spring ripened into crisp, golden autumn, so the barrenness of the Survival Room blossomed into plenty. Like magic, cans and bottles appeared on the paper-lined shelves—the magic of a robbed kitchen budget, George thought morosely. Hands on hips, he surveyed Joanna's folly. There were fruits, vegetables—dozens of them—and dry beans and split peas and cereals and canned potatoes and meat . . .

"Hey, are we going to invite the neighbors to share our cozy little disaster?" he wanted to know.

"If necessary, yes, although Marge and some of the others are planning to start rooms like this now."

George's grin was sardonic. It would be pleasant to watch that, from a distance. He held up a bucket with holes poked through the sides near the bottom.

"What is this?"

"A stove. When you get the charcoal burning down in the bottom of it, you put this grill on and cook hamburgers or potatoes or

corn in husks, or what-have-you. It also keeps us warm."

"Lights up the gloom, too?"

"Oh, no. Look!" She held up a kerosene lamp with a glass bowl and stand and a wick a foot long. It brought back memories of visits to Gramp's old ranch when George was a kid.

Apparently Joanna hadn't forgotten a thing. Silently he picked up her Red Cross certificate of First Aid and Civil Defense and tacked it up over the door.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"Just hanging up your sheepskin, honey. We are now ready for disaster."

Accordingly, disaster struck.

It was nothing so dramatic as an atomic bomb or a famine. Not even a small earthquake. George was coming home from work, carrying the inevitable sack of groceries, and between the curb and his own door he got run over. By two racing bicycles.

How it happened, or why it happened, only the testimony of two very frightened young boys would ever indicate. All Joanna knew was that there was a shout, two screams, the horrible grinding sound of metal on cement, and a terrifying huddle of arms, legs, and battered bicycles right there before her front door.

Be calm, be cool, the well-trained first aider inside her head shrieked wildly. First, urgent rescue! Her head began a slow, agonized swimming, but her legs carried her to the spot. Almost at once, two bodies extricated themselves from the mess. They were Jim West and Paul Dean, boys who lived up the block. Jim's shirt was ripped right down the back, and a long scratch

began to show red beneath it. It turned Joanna's sight fuzzy. She shook her head impatiently.

George lay motionless on the sidewalk, face down. She dropped down beside him just before her knees gave out on their own account.

"Gosh, we didn't mean to, Mrs. Cameron," Jim babbled, and Paul began to sob. "He was looking back at his car and walked right in front of us!"

"I know you didn't mean to," Joanna said gently, her lips continuing with a silent, steady prayer.

CAREFULLY she ran quick, exploring fingers down George's back before she eased him gently over. A sickening gasp sucked itself through her clenched teeth. It looked as if the whole left front of him were bleeding. On the sidewalk were scattered groceries and the jagged pieces of a shattered bottle. She shut her eyes.

"Paul, go into my house and call Dr. Peters." Paul was moving before she finished speaking. "Jim, go around to George's work room and bring me the First Aid box on the top shelf just inside the door. Quick!"

Jim ran with a queer, one-sided gallop.

The soft, fuzzy fog that began settling around Joanna's head was stifling. "This is George," she said aloud to keep her faculties awake. "And he is injured. Open his shirt and see where's he's hurt. Move!"

Her fingers did as they were commanded. Most of the blood disappeared when she pulled the shirt back. Only the sleeve grew darker and darker. Jim was back with the

Leola Seely Anderson, San Bernardino, California, appears in *The Relief Society Magazine*, as a first-time winner in the short story contest, with her offering "Survival Under Protest." However, Mrs. Anderson has had considerable recognition for her literary efforts. "*The Relief Society Magazine* launched my first article from Brigham Young University ('A Personnel Department for the Home,' *The Relief Society Magazine*, October 1935), but I cut my literary teeth (news and fiction) on *The Deseret News*, *The Salt Lake Tribune*, *The Sun-Advocate* (Price, Utah), and *The Toronto Star Weekly*. Most recently *Reader's Digest* and *Faith Today* have printed articles. Next to my family, my seminary class is my greatest love, though I also teach the literature lesson in Relief Society, and college English classes. My husband (a language instructor at San Bernardino Valley College), and my sons, Richard (fourteen) and Brent (nine), are presently aiding, abetting, and heckling me in a program of "Mom Goes Back to School." Future grist for the literary mill—when it finds a spare moment to grind! I used to be a member of the Blue Quill (Ogden, Utah, writers) and also a member of the Southeastern Chapter of the League of Utah Writers."

kit, and she cut the shirt away at the shoulder. As the cloth slid back, blood spurted with each thrust of George's strong, young heart.

She groped for a bandage, but her eyes would not focus. All she could see was that bright, red life leaving George, her George. Dr. Peters would be here in a few minutes—but even a few minutes would be too late. First Aid is what you do before the doctor comes. Knowledge is to prepare you to act when it is necessary. You know what to do, Joanna. Do it!

She shut her teeth tight together, and her nerveless fingers went down into that warm, scarlet stream and closed around the jagged flesh. The blood ceased to spurt.

"Go get Marge Johnson," she mumbled, while nausea rose in an engulfing tide over her.

FOR the next century Joanna knelt there, George's blood dry-

ing in stiff little smears on her hands, light and darkness confusing her thoughts. That awful bump on his forehead must have knocked him out, and his cheek is rubbed and bruised . . . Joanna resumed her prayers.

"Joanna, baby!" Marge's voice brought all the tension release of the arrival of the U.S. cavalry. "Whatever happened?"

Don't let go, Joanna commanded herself. This is a reinforcement, not a replacement. "Get the stretcher from the Survival Room."

She found a dressing now, and though as she momentarily released her hold on the wound, the blood leaped at her again, it was a matter of seconds until the bandage was in place and securely tied—with square knots. They rolled George on to the stretcher and carried him into the Survival Room and laid him on the cot.

"Fix Paul and Jim up, will you, Marge?" Joanna said, while she

bathed the blood and catsup from George's face. Why didn't he open his eyes? She put a cold compress on the lump that gleamed red, white, and bruised on his forehead.

A car stopped out in front. Dr. Peter's quick, efficient footsteps and the music of his voice. "What's up, here?"

He leaned over George, raised his eyelids, took his pulse. He examined Joanna's bandage and the wound beneath it. He tossed a smile over his busy shoulder.

"I'll cite you for gallantry in action, Joanna," he said. "You probably saved your husband's life."

"I—I did?" smiled Joanna moistly, and toppled over at his feet, out cold.

That's when George Cameron sighed and opened his eyes. "Joanna!" he croaked. "What's happened to Joanna?"

Dr. Peters laid her on the other cot. "She fainted. I promise to give you full details when I'm not so busy with two of you."

George viewed his own bandages with a grimace and rubbed a hand gingerly over his aching brow. "Well," he mumbled, "the little woman never could stand the sight of blood."

Of Power and Love

Genevieve Wyatt

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind (II Timothy 1:7).

Peace of mind I asked for,
"Oh, peace of mind," I prayed,
"God grant me this one blessing
For I am sore afraid."

And through the dark I struggled
And through the dark cried out,
For fear still lingered with me
In troubled thoughts and doubt.

Then, seeing peace in loved one's eyes,
I saw, too, perfect trust,
For peace of mind is perfect faith—
God's love is true and just.

And as my faith grows stronger
God's greatest gift is sure.
I know it will be completely mine
When faith is full and pure.

Perennials Preferred

Dorthea N. Newbold,
Deseret News Garden Editor

EVERY garden editor has been asked — numberless times — “Please tell me the name of a perennial flower that will bloom continuously throughout the summer.”

Perennials are herbaceous plants that live for many years — usually they die down to the rootstock in the fall and come up again in the spring — flowering every year. But certainly there is no one variety of these treasures of the garden which will bloom continuously throughout the growing season.

By selecting from a wide assortment of perennial plants, however, the gardener may be assured of bloom from earliest springtime until late fall.

Preparation of Soil

Consider first the soil with which you will be working. For, without a rich, crumbly, well-drained soil, all the work of creating a garden and the expense of top quality plants, is wasted. Soil should be dug deeply, with ample humus material incorporated to make an almost inexhaustible storehouse of food for the plants. Remember that once planted, it will be many years before you will move those perennial plants.

Give Perennials a Strong Background

To show to the best advantage, perennials need a strong background. A free standing border makes a thin appearance — even

though there are generous sized colonies of plants. Placed against a strong background, such as a border of shrubs, of evergreens, or against a garden wall, or a wooden fence (either painted or stained), or against the side of a building, the blooms will show off to much greater advantage.

Width of Beds

Width of the beds is very important. It is almost impossible to achieve continuous bloom or a varied effect in a narrow border. Consider beds five to eight feet in width for the best effects. However, you may have a narrow strip in which you prefer to plant perennials. Try peonies or iris or phlox or chrysanthemums for a big season splash of colorful blooms, and use an annual, such as petunias, for the front edging to give color throughout the summer and fall months.

Wide borders allow plenty of space to use low-growing, early blooming perennials in the front of the borders, taller growing plants at the rear, with the medium growing plants placed in the center sections. This is not an ironclad rule to be followed, for a medium tall plant having attractive foliage — peonies for example, may be placed near the back of the border, or some delphinium plants may be brought close to the front edge.

Emphasis on the Old Reliables

Peonies, iris, delphiniums, daisies of every variety, phlox, hardy asters,



Dorthea Nowbold

COLUMBINE

The delicately beautiful blossoms of columbine and the attractive foliage add airy grace to the perennial borders.

chrysanthemums — these are the old reliables, and plant hybridizers have worked wonders with them to give us plants with larger flowers, sturdier stock, better colors.

Use these plants with a lavish hand, planting them in colonies of threes, fives, sevens, nines, or more, if desired. To create a garden picture which will have unity and strength, repeat like plantings in another section of the border. For example, you will find that a planting composed of three peonies, five delphiniums, and seven phlox carelessly scattered in an undesigned border says very little. The same number of plants grouped in colonies, with a like planting repeated in another section, will give greater pleasure and satisfaction.

Front Edging of Borders

It is extremely difficult to plan a border of any size which will dis-

play a neat, tidy appearance and at the same time be in bloom from April until fall. There will usually be unsightly spots where some perennials have passed their season, and where neighboring plants have failed to cover the traces of the earlier variety.

Care must be taken, then, not to have too many of the early blooming sorts toward the front of the border unless they will retain their foliage until fall. The general appearance of a planting depends tremendously on the blossoms and foliage of the front of the border.

Hardy candytuft — *Iberis sempervirens* — produces loads of lovely white flowers in the springtime, then the plants may be sheared back for a neat appearance for the remainder of the season .



Courtesy Jackson and Perkins Company

DELPHINIUM (LOVELINESS)

Delphiniums are an unsurpassed source of blue flowers. The tall spires of bloom add interesting form to the perennial border.



Courtesy Jackson and Perkins Company

SHASTA DAISY (WIRRAL SUPREME)

A new form of an old standby, the Shasta Daisy, a thrifty plant which blooms lavishly.

Dianthus, variety Cheddar pink, or *Dianthus plumarius* — old fashioned clove pink, will provide fragrance unsurpassed during its blooming season, then the seed pods may be trimmed off for a neat, attractive appearance throughout the remainder of the season. The evergreen coralbell, *Heuchera*, is a lovely thing, its geranium-shaped leaves remaining in perfect condition until after hard frosts.

Early-Flowering Perennials

Primroses of many varieties, *Doronicum*, (leopard's-bane), peonies, *Pyrethrum*, iris, bearded and the Siberian varieties, oriental poppies — there is an endless list of May and June blooming perennials.

However, selecting a limited group of bearded iris is a complicated business, for the varieties number into the thousands. Great self-control is needed on your part

or your garden will become a display of iris and not the varied perennial garden you desire.

Early Summer

As the springtime slips into the summer, oriental poppies take over the scene. Poppies need a careful setting, for a flaming orange will protest loudly if placed near a patch of rose. Still we would not forfeit the pleasure of growing poppies. Poppies disappear after the blooming period, leaving a blank space in the garden. The gardener soon learns to cover up their disappearance with plants of Chinese delphinium, Shasta daisies, Statice, or baby's-breath (*Gypsophila paniculata*), variety Bristol Fairy, planted in front of the poppies.

Perennial Phlox for Midsummer Blooms

With midsummer and with the coming of hot weather, the energy of the gardener is sorely taxed, but if the perennial phlox plants have been grouped with a generous hand, if they have been carefully watered and mulched with a layer of well-rotted manure, the borders will be a riot of color. No perennial quite equals the phlox for extravagance of blooms, for persistence, or for self-reliance.

The New Day Lilies

In recent years day lilies, *Hemerocallis*, have been undergoing some interesting changes through the efforts of plant hybridizers. A little thoughtful study of a catalogue will disclose the many new colors — pinks, purples, pale creams and yel-

lows, white, deep yellow, and many blends as well. Then, too, you may select from long lists, varieties that will bloom during the spring or summer or fall. Indeed, one could have a most interesting garden containing only day lilies.

Fall Arrives

As the summer passes and the fall season begins, hardy chrysanthemums, hardy asters, and anemones come into their own.

No garden would be complete without hardy asters which are so-generous with their blooms.

Plant hybridizers have worked wonders with the hardy chrysanthemums, and there are dozens and dozens of new varieties listed in the growers' catalogues — waiting for you to use them in every spare corner of your perennial borders. They take up such a small area until well into the late summer, that with generous use of small, single starts set out in early springtime, the garden will, in the fall months, look as if it were a garden of chrysanthemums.

From September until killing frosts, anemones will offer lovely white or delicate pink waxen blooms, lovely for either the house or the garden.

Like people, perennials have their limitations, so learn to allow for these. At the same time, emphasize all their wonderful assets. Learn to evaluate. Though you desire a plant of every known variety when you begin to garden, you will soon learn to make discriminating selections — to please you and to suit your personality.

I Go to Relief Society

Nell B. Brenchley

THE things that happen to me on Relief Society day! I am sometimes tempted to believe that if I had not such an ardent love for that organization, I should have given up trying to get myself and two or more children to Relief Society meeting long ago. Somehow things seem to get all tangled up on that particular day. I have entertained the thought that life might run more smoothly, if I pretended not to be going to meeting at all. And then, say about 1:30, I would trick fate, change my dress, grab the children, and dash off to Relief Society without looking back.

But no. I would most assuredly have to bathe John, my three-year-old, you know how little boys are, and then perhaps the baby would be asleep or hungry or—no, I must plan ahead. But you know when Sister Hammond read that quotation from Burns in her literature lesson last year, the one which goes, “The best laid schemes o’ mice and men, gang aft a-gley,” well, I felt like Burns must have written that especially for the mouse and me. Just that very day I had hoped to be all ready to leave, and when I called John in, there he was with mud up to his ears. I have almost developed a sleight-of-hand act from some of those quick changes. I wasn’t late, but I can’t say I was unruffled.

Then there was last week. I was going like a race horse to get things in shape so I could leave when the telephone rang. Goodness, I thought, I hope it’s not . . . My

good husband’s voice asked, “Aren’t you going to Relief Society today?”

“Yes, dear, I am,” from me.

“Why didn’t you say you wanted the car at lunchtime?” he inquired.

“Well, I did mention that I was going to meeting, but I decided to walk.” Isn’t that just like a man? He probably didn’t even listen when I told him I was going.

He was saying, “And carry that baby? I’ll say not. I’ll come and get you.”

“I can walk,” I insisted, but then, thinking that I could use those extra ten minutes, I said, “All right, if it won’t put you out too much—meeting’s at two.”

I did use the extra ten minutes profitably, but at three minutes to two there was still no car in sight, so I wrapped up baby, and the three of us started out, thinking we would surely meet him coming for us. Baby was getting powerfully heavy by the time I reached the church, and I was puffing like the “little steam engine that could” or something, but still no husband in sight. I do hate to be late. Just as I reached the Relief Society room I turned, too quickly I am afraid, to see if young John was following. He was, and I smacked him in the poor little head with my swinging handbag. He sent up a wail that would put a banshee to shame.

I found at suppertime that husband had forgotten completely about us. He was very penitent, but I think I shall not make any such arrangements another time.

There was another day. I was helping with the program for the opening social, so I was planning to leave home a half hour early. I was finishing up the luncheon dishes and things seemed to be well in hand, when John's voice called to me from the bathroom.

"Mommy, I can't open the door."

I dried my hands on my apron and turned the knob, and my heart sank. "John, you didn't lock the door, surely?" I asked.

"Locked, Mommy," he called nonchalantly.

"But how could you, it's too high?" that was to myself, but he answered, "I stood on my toes."

"Well, just stand on your toes again and unlock it." I was impatient.

"I did, but I can't."

"Keep calm," I kept telling myself, but as the minutes wore on and his three-year-old efforts were in vain, I became frantic. I thought of the one small window. It was my last chance. I hurried down to find the stepladder, hoping desperately that the window was unlocked. As I shouldered the ladder, I glanced at the axe in the corner and thought grimly to myself that if the worst came to the worst, I could use that.

HAPPILY, the window was unlocked, I found, after forcing the screen, but it was far too small for me to get through at that time. My five-year-old Patty was the only one available, but she took one look into the bathtub below and shrieked that she was afraid. I begged, coaxed, and pleaded, and finally dropped her screaming and kicking safely to the bathroom floor. The

three-year-old stood peacefully washing his hands, with the water running over the basin and into his Sunday shoes.

We got to the meeting that day, too, finally. But do you know when I arrived home at four o'clock, I found my bread still baking. I guess I hadn't heard the bell in my excitement before leaving. I have heard somewhere that Brother Brigham Young liked thick crusts on his bread, but I do declare, I am afraid even he couldn't have eaten mine that day.

I could name other hectic instances, some which have been more provoking than amusing. But I have adopted for my Tuesday creed, "Never say die." I must go to Relief Society. I simply cannot miss the theology meeting. I look forward to that day as a day when my life is enriched, and I may drink in the beautiful spirit of our class leader, our president, and her counselors, and as I listen to the staunch testimonies of the other sisters, my testimony grows, and I know that I am going to try to live closer to my Father in heaven and strive to understand my mission upon earth more fully.

I must go to work meeting. That is the day that gives me courage to be a better homemaker. (Goodness knows I could improve my Tuesday schedule.) The leaders on this day awaken interest in so many home-making arts that I have formerly thought beyond my reach. I do so want to make of my home a place where my little family will want to be more than any other.

I must go to the literature lesson. Then my soul may rise above the

commonplace things, and I may walk briefly with great minds. Could associations be more rich than those with Tennyson, Dickens, or Brown-ing? Oh, the beauty of the literature day!

I must go to the social science lessons. I am just awakening to the realization that we here in the United States have some things not

to be found in any other country. I must learn what I can do to help preserve the liberty that God has bequeathed upon this promised land, so long as we serve the God of this land who is Jesus Christ.

Yes, I go to Relief Society, come what may. May I call for you next Tuesday?

What Is Youth?

Vesta Ball Ward

You answer.

Youth is impetuousness, hurry,
Clothed in vibrant shades of red,
Striped with rush.
Shadows chasing self,
Vainly seeking realness in shadowy future,
Distant past;
Too busy to peek between the pages of today's reality;
Too busy to taste the present pleasure
Or savor the sweetness of now.
Too occupied seeking *life*, too frantic,
Too busy, always too busy.

Let the panorama slip by,
While frantically
You seek that indefinable
Something that is not found,
Though sought,
In hectic disquietude.

A sage seeketh such in quiet thought, in still depths,
In tranquility, repose, and solemn contemplation.

Youth knows not of such treasures,
Hidden only by the veil of the mind.
For only time, so little respected, can painfully teach.
Only time, relentless in scope and depth and sameness,
With cutting edge and sharp surety, need reprimand.

So what is youth?
Nothing more than youthness,
That soon is tempered or broken in the maw
Of aching search.

What is age?

You answer.

Age is youth, softened by time,
Mellowed by the ceaseless flow and surge
Of that which it pleases us to name
Experience.

Now, in the Twilight of My Life

Artemesia R. Romney

AS I walked along the crowded sidewalk of a large city one cold, dreary day (the year was December 1936), it seemed there were no love or friends left in all the world. Now that I was widowed there was nothing to live for any more. Suddenly, as I passed a spacious store window, a beautiful oil painting attracted my attention and held me spellbound for some time. I forgot my sorrow, for the moment, as I studied the work of art. The sun in the picture was just breaking with new light. As I observed it more closely, a thrill ran through me and seemed to fill my soul with new life and beauty. I said to myself, "There is no reason why I can't do something like that, paintings that would give joy and happiness and cheer up those who are sad. Everyone needs a hobby as she grows older to keep her mind bright and alert. Mine will be painting."

We all feel the need of self-expression, and it is very necessary for our well-being. Anything that we create with our hands gives us a thrill and helps us to see the beauty around us and to express our personality. The poet said that all the good we send into the lives of others comes back into our own. We might also say that all the beauty we send into the homes of others comes back into our own and gives us happiness and comfort, for a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Emily Dickinson once said:

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,

Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

I was determined to do something that would help someone to see the beauty of life.

As I proceeded to work on my chosen hobby, I found many difficulties to surmount. One of the hardest was to get registered at the university and get started among all those young students, but finally I succeeded and became so interested in my classes that everything took on new life and beauty. The harder I worked, the more joy I experienced. I began to feel that life was worth living after all.

There was so much for me to learn, and so much joy came to me in studying and progressing that my sorrow was lessened because my mind and hands were busy in creating something that would give joy to others.

But I found in the hobby I had chosen there were many angles to master, among them: harmony, proportion, balance, rhythm, emphasis, and color. As we work, we find we are creating a picture, and our souls are filled with delight. We can see beauty in everything around us. Sunshine, mountains, valleys, sunsets, sky, the wind, sand, the snowstorms, rain, smoke, and the rocks are attractive. Even the fog in London was dreadful and ugly until some artist painted a famous picture of it and it took on beauty.

Because of their perfect study of nature, the Chinese and Japanese

paint their flowers so that one can almost see the stems sway in the wind and the peony's leaves waft away in the breeze.

One artist says he can't paint the perfume of the flower and so he paints the very soul of it and hands it to us. What joy he gives to his associates!

President Brigham Young tells us

to beautify our homes with our own handiwork, and what better way could we decorate them than with our art work?

Now, in the twilight of my life, this chosen hobby of painting has brought many happy hours to me. When I feel lonely I have only to get out my paints and brushes or study my art books, and I am soon lost to the world in my work.

A Great Tradition—The American National Red Cross

Edwin H. Powers

Director, Office of Public Information

IN almost every corner of the earth, the Red Cross is recognized as a symbol of the good neighbor. It may represent you—through your membership—in helping other people in time of trouble. Or it may represent warm-hearted people, whom you do not know, rallying to your aid in an emergency.

There was a time in our early history when people counted entirely on direct help from their neighbors or close relatives to see them through periods of misfortune. Our way of life stems largely from that personal, across-the-fence sharing of adversity.

Today life is more complex. Many of us live in the impersonal atmosphere of great cities. Much of our population shifts back and forth across the country, hardly finding time to get acquainted with new neighbors. The protective unity of families is weakened as individual members scatter from the home community.

But people have not changed. In time of trouble, they need assurance that they are not alone. To help provide this assurance, millions of Americans turn to their Red Cross. Because they join and serve, they are able to extend a friendly hand to those who most need help.

We see that help in the millions of pints of blood freely given through the Red Cross for those who would die without it. We see it when a New England fisherman who lost his boat in a hurricane is given another so he can earn a living for his family. We see it in emergency help to the family of a serviceman who is away from home.

When the Red Cross answers the call of those in need, Americans keep alive one of our great traditions—friendly, neighborly help to our fellow men.

This is an annual appeal for good will and help. Join the Red Cross and answer the 1955 call to service.

Eighty-One Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1873

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

Note: The heading "Eighty-One Years Ago" is substituted this month for the regular title "Sixty Years Ago," since no issues of the *Woman's Exponent* were published during the month of March 1894. The *Woman's Exponent* began publication in June 1872, and the following excerpts are from the issue of the following March.

A UTAH LADIES' JOURNAL: The women of Utah to-day occupy a position which attracts the attention of intelligent thinking men and women everywhere. They are engaged in the practical solution of some of the greatest social and moral problems of the age . . . Who are so well able to speak for the women of Utah as the women of Utah themselves? "It is better to represent ourselves than to be misrepresented by others." For these reasons, and that women may help each other by the diffusion of knowledge and information possessed by many and suitable to all, the publication of *Woman's Exponent*, a journal owned by, controlled by and edited by Utah ladies, has been commenced . . . Utah, in its Female Relief Societies, has the best organized benevolent institution of the age . . . Miss Eliza R. Snow, President of the entire Female Relief Societies, cordially approves of the journal, and will be a contributor to it as she has leisure from her numerous duties . . .

—Louise L. Greene, Editor

FLORENCE

Beneath high, villa-dotted hills
That in succession rise
Like rich gemm'd parapets around;
The lovely Florence lies.

The Arno, broad and gentle stream,
That flows meand'ring through,
Divides, but in unequal parts,
The city platt in two . . .

I see you, Florence, all the while,
So beautiful and gay;
I ask, is this your common dress,
Or, this your holiday? . . .

—Eliza R. Snow
From Florence, Italy

ADVERTISEMENT: H. Wallace has the best, largest and purest stock of confectionary in Salt Lake City. Just the place for ladies to purchase.

RELIEF SOCIETY IN TOOEELE: I believe our Society in Tooele can compare favorably with that of any other settlement. It is now nearly three years since we were organized, and we have been trying ever since to do our best. We have excellent meetings. The sisters are alive to their duties, and I believe will accomplish much good . . .

—Mrs. Mary Meiklejohn, President



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MARJORIE M. McKINLEY has been awarded the 1954 Mary Swartz Rose fellowship by the American Dietetic Association for her outstanding success as a teacher and administrator in the field of institution management. She is the author of numerous publications on food costs, meal planning, and nutrition. She will continue her graduate work toward the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Institution Management and Home Economics Education at Iowa State College.

WOMEN are playing a growing role in the field of medical research—a fact that was recently underscored when the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund awarded a total of more than \$31,000 in grants and fellowships for heart disease research to half a dozen women in 1954.

VIRGINIA CROCHERON GILDERSLEEVE, former Dean of Barnard College, student of international affairs, and the only woman appointed by President Roosevelt to the United Nations delegation at the San Francisco Conference, relates in *Many a Good Crusade*, the story of her ideals and accomplishments in the "educational liberation of women."

THE National Council of Jewish Women began a "golden age" program in 1946, to enrich the lives of elderly people — to prevent their later years from becoming "an empty thing and a burden of meaningless days." In 1800 the average life expectancy in the United States was thirty-five years; in 1900, forty-five; today, seventy. There are now ten million Americans over sixty-five, and sixteen million past sixty.

PRINCESS MARGARET of Great Britain in February made a month-long tour of the romantic West Indies, flying in a stratocruiser to the Caribbean as a representative of the Crown.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Anna Stenquist, Tremonton, Utah, one hundred; Mrs. Melissa Ann Wells Dial, Willard, Utah, ninety-nine; Mrs. Olena M. Larsen, Moroni, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Bertha Olsen, Hyrum, Utah, Mrs. Esther Jane Tolman Sessions, Syracuse, Utah, Mrs. Ann Evans, Winnipeg Canada, Mrs. Ann Barrus Layton Jones, Salt Lake City, ninety-two; Mrs. Josephine Gibson, Tremonton, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Jennie W. Magleby, Mrs. Jessie Richardson Thomasen, and Mrs. Josephine Erickson Halverson, all of Salt Lake City, and each ninety years old.



Relief Society for the Perfection of Women

I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, With all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace (Ephesians 4:1-3).

SO wrote Paul to the Ephesians while a prisoner at Rome, but his words are applicable to us today as much as to the early Christians in Ephesus. As the birth month of Relief Society approaches, one is led to marvel at the blessings to Latter-day Saint women which the organization of Relief Society was. Before its organization the women of the Church assisted in upholding the brethren, attended sacrament meetings, and encouraged and inspired their own husbands and sons, but there was no field open to them in the Church for teaching, exhorting, or systematic learning. It was not by chance that of all the auxiliaries the one for the advancement of the women of the Church was established first under divine inspiration to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Through Relief Society, women were given vocations and called to their offices by the Priesthood of God. In the days of the ancient apostles there was the term "elect lady" given to one by John of whom he said, "... whom I love in the truth; and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth" (II John 1:1).

When Emma Smith, the wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, had the word of the Lord directed to her through her Prophet husband, in July 1830, the Lord said to her, "... and thou art an elect lady, whom I have called" (D. & C. 25:3). She was also told, "And thou shalt be ordained under his hand to expound scriptures, and to exhort the church, according as it shall be given thee by my Spirit" (D. & C. 25:7). In the concluding verse of section 25, it states, "And verily, verily, I say unto you, that this is my voice unto all. Amen" (D. & C. 25:16).

On March 17, 1842, nearly twelve years later in Nauvoo, Illinois, when Relief Society was organized and Emma Smith was made the first president of Relief Society, the Prophet Joseph Smith wrote:

... I gave much instruction, read in the New Testament, and Book of Doctrine and Covenants, concerning the Elect Lady, and showed that the elect meant to be elected to a certain work, &c., and that the revelation was then fulfilled by Sister Emma's election to the Presidency of the Society, she having previously been ordained to expound the Scriptures. Emma was blessed, and her counselors were ordained by Elder John Taylor (D. H. C., IV, pp. 552-553).

What a glorious opportunity was thus bestowed upon our Heavenly Father's daughters in this the last dispensation to be elect ladies and be called to serve in the greatest woman's organization in the world. What great development is offered an individual member through each particular calling in the society.

When a calling comes to any woman through the inspiration of the Presiding Priesthood, that woman can fit herself to be worthy and successful in it. Sometimes it is well to consider those attributes of which Paul spoke as necessary in order to "... walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called" (Ephesians 4:1).

With all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace (Ephesians 4:2-3).

Hardly attributes which the world would hold up as a criterion for successful filling of a calling!

One wonders at the lasting accomplishments performed by women who have accepted a calling in humility and lived by the attributes listed by Paul. One may recall some sister who has fulfilled every calling which came to her no matter how small it might be, and then who has been called to a most responsible calling, such as a ward president. Sometimes the appointment is criticized on the ground that this particular woman lacks leadership qualities. Yet it works out in accord with eternal principles.

Through her loyalty, faithfulness, and acceptance of the call, she be-

comes entitled to the inspiration of the Lord in her calling. Then her humility inclines her to ask for counsel and to follow it. No word of criticism passes her lips against those who criticize her, for she has learned to be longsuffering. She meets opposition with meekness and concludes by keeping a "unity of the Spirit," in her society "in the bond of peace." Her character has been trained to be obedient to those in authority over her, and through the inspiration of her calling and seeking counsel from those in authority, she gathers around her other women who excel in the attributes which she needs to make a perfect Relief Society organization.

So may any woman perform a calling given to her, no matter how inadequate she may feel. And through her acceptance her own soul will be given development in the very qualities which she may lack.

Only one thing was needful for the perfection of the rich young ruler who came to Jesus. With perfect knowledge Jesus advised him, "... If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me" (Mt. 19:21). The rich young ruler, however, did not accept the opportunity to gain perfection, but went away sorrowing.

Relief Society members who seek perfection will accept each calling which comes to them and step by step strengthen their weaknesses. Relief Society is veritably a gift of the Lord to his daughters to help perfect them for eternal life.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1954

ORGANIZATIONS

<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Formerly Part of</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date Appointed</u>
East Phoenix	Phoenix Stake	Lola M. Shumway	February 28, 1954
Grand Coulee	Northwestern States Mission	Alfreda Gail Jardine	May 23, 1954
Las Vegas	Moapa Stake	Alice Alldredge	October 10, 1954
Orange County	East Long Beach Stake	Marion Almira Woodhouse	June 27, 1954
North Sacramento	Sacramento	Edna M. Hill	December 12, 1954
South Blackfoot	Blackfoot Stake	Anna Wright	June 20, 1954
Taylorsville	North Jordan Stake	Paula G. Wilson	November 18, 1954
West Boise	Boise Stake	Elnora T. Loveland	November 28, 1954

REORGANIZATIONS

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date Appointed</u>
Central States	Annie M. Ellsworth	May E. J. Dyer	February 26, 1954
Finnish	Mae Pace Matis	Hortense Robinson	December 1, 1954
Hawaii	Stella C. Nelson	Maurine M. Haycock	June 11, 1954
No. Central States	Laura M. Hawkes	Dora Rose H. England	April 16, 1954
Swedish	Annie B. Johnson	Ethel E. Blomquist	March 31, 1954
Western States	Mildred M. Dillman	Mildred P. Elggren	February 24, 1954
<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date Appointed</u>
Alpine	Alice W. Carlisle	Edna S. Walker	June 27, 1954
Berkeley	Vera H. Mayhew	Irene Thorley Ranker	July 17, 1954
Blackfoot	Alice S. DeMordaunt	Florence Christiansen	June 20, 1954
Boise	Elnora T. Loveland	Edna S. Millar	November 28, 1954
Butte	Gretta L. Karren	Marie J. Monson	November 28, 1954
East Cache	Lois W. Sorenson	Vera H. Peart	June 20, 1954
East Long Beach	Mildred D. Harper	Betsy MacNeY	January 1, 1954
Farr West	Geneva J. Garfield	Geneva M. Law	April 24, 1954
Florida	Josephine W. Jenkins	Effie F. Meeks	October 20, 1954
Gunnison	Ruth P. Christiansen	Rebecca M. Anderson	August 22, 1954
Inglewood	Lavena L. Rohner	Beth M. Stallman	September 26, 1954
Juarez	Gladys K. Wagner	Nilus S. Memmott	May 16, 1954
Lethbridge	Fern R. Laycock	Ruth F. Heninger	May 2, 1954
Minidoka	Katherine Barnes	Bertha Burch	November 17, 1954
Moapa	Alice Alldredge	Lola D. Bryner	October 16, 1954
Mount Logan	Mae E. Jenkins	Anna O. Smith	May 30, 1954
Nebo	Lucille H. Spencer	Mary Kotter	April 18, 1954
North Box Elder	Lucille L. Wight	June I. Hunsaker	March 8, 1954
North Carbon	LaPreal Richards	Elva Judd	November 14, 1954
North Rexburg	Adalena M. Withers	Mary G. Shirlev	August 22, 1954
Oneida	Chloe M. Howell	Grace C. Gamble	June 20, 1954
Palo Alto	Agnes F. Lindsay	Violet B. Smith	May 16, 1954

<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date Appointed</u>
Pasadena Stake	Madge P. Fowler	Thelma Johnson Nebeker	September 12, 1954
Phoenix	Lola M. Shumway	Ruth O. Stapley	February 28, 1954
Portland	Mima C. Hainsworth	Jennie R. Scott	December 5, 1954
Richland	Pearl O. Clement	Naomi L. Brimhall	April 26, 1954
Riverdale	Nona W. Slade	Isabell C. Ellison	February 3, 1954
Santaquin-Tintic	Janet P. Lee	Josephine Cannon Crook	May 16, 1954
Sevier	Ivy C. Ashby	Beth V. Anderson	June 6, 1954
Smithfield	Alta C. Allen	Vera R. Cantwell	May 30, 1954
South Bear River	Rebecca C. Mortensen	Isabella P. Walton	September 5, 1954
South Summit	Luella W. Walker	Vera Dugdale	September 20, 1954
Star Valley	Nellie B. Jensen	Eliza R. Robinson	September 15, 1954
Summit	Mary E. Wright	Elva F. Richins	February 21, 1954
Timpanogos	Margaret J. Olpin	Florence O. Gillman	January 24, 1954
Twin Falls	Leah Kirk	Mona Hulbert Brown	May 23, 1954
Weiser	Della W. Alder	Dorothy Zaugg	August 22, 1954

Index for 1954 Relief Society Magazines Available

COPIES of the 1954 index of *The Relief Society Magazines* are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The price is 15c, including postage.

Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1954 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the Desert News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is \$2.50, including the index. If leather binding is preferred, the cost is \$3.50, including the index. These prices do not include postage, and an additional amount to cover postage must accompany all orders for binding of the *Magazines*. See schedules of postage rates in this issue of the *Magazine*, page 207.

If bound volumes are desired, and the *Magazines* cannot be supplied by the person making the request, the *Magazines* will be supplied for \$1.50 by the Magazine Department, General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1954 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

THE April 1955 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four outstanding stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"Reap If You Will," by Elaine J. Wilson

"The Wall," by Myrtle M. Dean

"Her Own Life," by Ruth Moody Ostegar

"Steak for Thursday," by Rosa Lee Lloyd

The Legacy

Ora Pate Stewart

I would probably never have known about the old, round-topped sea chest in the attic of Grandmother's house, if it hadn't been that a big chain store company needed that particular corner for a supermarket. Grandmother had been gone for many years. She never would have stood for selling it, nor did Aunt Elon want to move. She was living alone in the big house at the time. She was a widow, and all her children were married and gone.

"My roots are here," she persisted; and she wouldn't budge until finally a lawyer came out and told her that the property was going to be condemned, and she'd do well to sell and get out while she had a good chance.

"Condemned, my foot!" Aunt Elon ejaculated. "They don't build houses like this today. Adobe walls nearly two feet thick! My father made those adobe with his own two hands. Of course, we had it faced over with brick at the turn of the century for the golden wedding; and then two years ago I had it stuccoed. But I was born in this house, and I'd hoped to die in it!"

It was a sturdy old house. The four rooms on the ground floor were each exactly sixteen by sixteen feet, and ten feet high. There were no halls or corridors. Each room was communicable with the two that it adjoined by thick oak doors, each eight feet tall. The upper rooms were precisely the same. As an afterthought, a veranda had been

added, running the length of the house on the north side, and wooden steps ascended on the outside to the upper story. About the time of the golden wedding, this stairway had been cased in, and the place under the stairs had been made into a pantry. A kitchen lean-to had been added at the back at the time plumbing had come in. It was considered easier to extend the house out to the water pipes, as sort of a half-way compromise, than to bring the pipes all the way in through brick and adobe.

No, there wasn't another house just like it. Grandfather had not been a builder of houses; he had been a schoolteacher.

When the house was wired for electricity sometime in the twenties, the inspector asked to see the attic.

"We never had an attic," Aunt Elon told him.

And it was true. They had never had access to it. But the regulations said there had to be an attic. So Aunt Elon had an oblong hole cut in the ceiling of the northeast room upstairs. She had it framed, like a little window. And when the inspector came again, she brought in the eight-foot stepladder from the apple orchard, and he went up and poked around in the rafters.

It was just as it had been when it was built seventy-five years before, so he was quite surprised when he stumbled onto a bulky, round-topped sea chest. It was too large to get it through the tiny dormer

window. And how it got up there on the rafters was a mystery to him.

"Who in the world would build a house around an old battered relic like this?" he muttered, and turned his flashlight the better to examine it. It was made of wood, covered with leather, and banded heavily with thick iron bands. The leather had been broken in several places. The top was dusted over with sawdust and cobwebs, and the feather-soft residue of seventy-five quiet years.

AUNT Elon's curiosity was sufficiently aroused so that she climbed up the stepladder to a point where she could put her head and shoulders through the oblong hole.

It was her first glimpse of the sea chest. She was then seventy years old, and for sixty years or more the sea chest had never been mentioned; and for forty years it had been forgotten.

It took some time for Aunt Elon's thoughts to travel back into the remote corridors of memory.

"Oh, that—" she said at last—"that was the legacy."

The inspector looked expectant.

"No," continued Aunt Elon, "it's not what you think. It's not important. I remember now, Ma told me about it when I was very small. But she was always sort of ashamed to talk about it. Ma was a proud woman. And whenever she had a hurt she buried it. That's why she had the sea chest built into the attic. It arrived from England just when the rafters were going up. It's all she ever got out of her parents' estate."

The inspector looked doleful, and

shook his head.

"It doesn't look like it's locked," he ventured. "Looks like the padlock has been chiseled in two."

"As I remember the story, they never even sent the key," Aunt Elon said. "But, like I say, there was never much talk about it. You can open it, if you want to. It's no skeleton in my closet."

Aunt Elon had pulled herself up onto the solid old beams now, and the inspector helped her to pick her way over to the old chest.

After a few jostling tugs the hinges creaked and the lid came loose. The inspector bent for long seconds while his flashlight probed over the contents.

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" he exclaimed at last.

Aunt Elon said, "Like I told you—that's all she ever got."

IT was fifteen years after they'd put in the electricity that Aunt Elon wrote to me and told me about the supermarket people and the lawyer. She put up a lot of bluster, but, as she said in her letter, she was eighty-five now, and she probably had passed her prime, and if I'd come and help her with the dismantling, she guessed she'd give in. They'd promised her a sum that would keep her in comfort for the rest of her life and bury her in style, she said. And it was time to begin to think about those things. Besides, a nice new supermarket would be a pretty addition to the neighborhood. It was a sign of progress.

So I went out to help her with disposing of her things. It was just before I was married.

There's a lot of sentiment in an

old house. Love and life and death all leave their traces. You find them in the fingerprints between the layers of wallpaper. You find them folded away in yellowed linen in the bottom of deep drawers. You find them in button boxes, and especially in old albums. I never saw my grandmother. She died about the time I was born. Aunt Elon was the oldest and my mother was the youngest of her children. But it gave her a definite texture and substance when I found a braid of her black-brown hair in a remote place in an old trunk. I held it up to my own. It matched exactly. Everyone always said I was the "spittin' image" of Grandmother.

"Ma felt disgraced when they cut it off," Aunt Elon informed me. "She respected the scripture that says a woman's hair is her glory. But there was an epidemic of scarlet fever, and Ma had to give up her glory along with the others. She said she guessed she would have died, if she could have reconciled herself to being put away without her hair. She simply had to live until it grew out again."

THE task of sorting and moving Aunt Elon's possessions took longer than we had thought. I guess we talked too much. She had to tell me the history of each piece in the patchwork quilt. She was so full of history herself. She told me about her old beaux, and the dances at Social Hall, and there was always a glove or a scrap of brocade or a tortoise-shell fan to illustrate the story.

"Now that young man of yours," she finally said, pointedly, "what

about him — his background — his people?"

"You mean Cameron Eldridge?" I asked, knowing very well that she meant Cameron Eldridge.

Cameron Eldridge was the only young man in my life. He was not exactly what you'd call a native, and this disturbed Aunt Elon a lot. I suspect that the whole reason she had asked me to come was so that she could scold me about it. She thought it a prodigality that one of her nieces would be interested in anyone outside the valley. Cameron Eldridge was practically a foreigner. What folks he had had lived in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. His grandparents and all the rest of his family had been missing since the great Johnstown flood. His father had worked his way out West as a young boy to seek his fortune; and his entire fortune had turned out to be Cameron Eldridge. The pretty little wife he chose had died at the child's birth. Cameron's father's name was John, and he thought his grandfather's name was John also; and he'd heard talk of a Lafayette, or Lafalgar—they'd called him Lafe—who might have been his great-grandfather. But he wasn't sure of anything; and that was all he knew about himself.

This was not nearly enough to satisfy Aunt Elon. Being missing in a flood was too easy a way to dispose of one's ancestry.

"It isn't that there's any shadow on your young man," she admitted sympathetically. "It's just that there's no light on him."

"I didn't know you were so interested in genealogy," I said.

And then she went and got a big book with long, hand-written pages.

"To tell the truth," she confessed, "I've worked on our genealogy for fifty years. I've written hundreds of letters back to England. I've copied all the answers I ever received right here in this book. And you know, I've run up against a stone wall in every case. There's not a single lead in all this. There's not a soul could help me out. Pa and Ma left England in 1853, right after they were married. Pa was a young schoolmaster—and the only thing we know about Ma is that her folks disowned her because she married Pa. All they had against Pa was that he had joined the Church."

"Didn't they ever write to each other?" I asked.

"Ma and Pa wrote back many times," Aunt Elon said. "But they never got any answers. Ma quit writing when she found out her mother was dead."

"But how did she find out," I asked, "if they never answered?"

"Her mother willed her the old sea chest that had belonged to her father's family. Ma's sisters sent the chest after her mother had died. It was her legacy."

"How exciting!" I said. And in my eyes flashed the butter-yellow ambers from Oran, the delicate old ivory miniatures from farther east, loose rubies, unset, wrapped in soft linen, and fragile silks spiced away in the days when the Orient was a land of silks and spices. Silver and jade from the Caribbean, and golden sandals from the Andes. Laces from Spain and Italy. And my nostrils drew in the rare essences of Paris and Cologne.

"NO, child, there was nothing exciting," Aunt Elon said. She watched carefully while the ambers and ivories slowly faded from my eyes, and my nose got reaccustomed to the familiar smells of the old house.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "if you'll go out in the orchard and get the stepladder while I rig up a long extension cord, we'll go up and examine that sea chest."

I brought up a couple of planks to bridge the beams, and a large cushion for Aunt Elon, because we had to sit on the planks. Then I helped her up carefully, and I dangled the light globe while Aunt Elon raised the lid on the chest.

The while she was telling me the story. "Ma was never so disappointed and hurt in her life. All the pretty things her grandfather had collected around the world while he was a ship's captain had been stored in that chest when she was a girl. She told me about a Spanish shawl that was embroidered all over in rich, bright colors, and of a carved ivory fan that had come from India. But you see they are not here. Ma had two older sisters. They did not have the blessing of the law to break the will, but they found a chisel to break the lock."

At that moment my light globe revealed a yellowed letter, tightly folded, and written in a fine, cramped hand. There was no envelope, and the page was written over itself, crosswise.

"I never knew there was a letter," Aunt Elon said. "Or if I ever knew. I had forgotten. Read it, child."

I read:

To our sister, Emily Preece, who, without blessing of bishop or kindred, deserted the home that nourished her, despised the country that protected her, and spurned the faith that fostered her, to become the consort of the infidel, one Reyburn West, who together with him did go to dwell in a land of savages and heathens:

Emily, you have broken your mother's heart. Ma is dead. She departed this life on the 27th instant. She left a last testament. We, your older sisters, Charlotte and Rhoda, do jointly inherit the house and grounds. To you, Emily, is left the old sea chest. The testament reads: "the old sea chest and contents." The contents, you see, are not itemized.

We, Charlotte and Rhoda, knowing full well that you will never have any need for silks and ivories in a wilderness of buffaloes and Indians, have taken it upon ourselves to supply a suitable contents which will satisfy the demands of the will.

Respectfully and oblige,
Your sisters, Charlotte
and Rhoda Preece.

P.S. You asked for news. So we are sending you news. We are sorry that much of it is charred. The firemen were careless when the church burned down, and the printing establishment also caught fire. We were able to rescue this much.

Respectfully, C. P. & R. P.

THE trunk was full of rubbish—broken plaster, bits of brittle stained glass, charred wood fragments, chips of stone, and old papers, many, many old papers, blackened around the folds where the flames had eaten in, and yellowed and water-stained in the centers where the fire had been arrested—just the sweepings from the street where the rubbish had been strewn.

Poor Grandmother Emily! No wonder she had closed the trunk forever. No wonder she had had it placed up on the rafters where

it would never be seen or mentioned. A legacy of rubbish! Her mother had forgiven her enough to send her the chest and contents. But her sisters had forgiven her only enough to send the chest.

I tugged at one of the larger fragments of "news." It was an editorial to justify the Bill of Rights. It was hard to make out, but there was spirit in it. Another scrap eulogized the virtues of Prince Albert. I dug deeper. Here was a court case between one Simon Pender and the Crown. The Crown won, and Pender was sentenced to clean the stables of the royal mounts for a term of two years.

Deeper still, my fingers found the edge of a document, notebook-like, hand written, and badly bitten by the fire. Many of the pages were stuck fast together. But many names could be made out. They read like vital statistics. This, then, had been salvaged from the church. It was a minister's log. There were marriages, births, christenings, and deaths. And the most interesting names—names like Andrew Preece and Charlotte Pemberton. There was something I couldn't make out, and then, "married in Westertown Chapel on this first day of Marche, in the year of our Lord eighteen-hundred and twenty-four."

There was another entry: "Reyburn West, infant son of Julian West and Peerless Crosby, was christened this eighteenth day of October, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine."

Aunt Elon's eyes grew deep and bright. "Why, that was Pa! Read more, child!"

THE pages were stuck badly. But every once in a while a familiar name recurred—Preece, Pemberton, West, Crosby, Reyburn, and Julian. And enough dates and genealogy to bring great lights into Aunt Elon's face.

"Oh, Aunt Elon," I cried, "here's some Eldridges! 'Rupert Eldridge, eldest son of Lafayette Eldridge and Margaret Cameron . . . ' I can't make out what happened to Rupert—but it says Lafayette Eldridge was married to Margaret Cameron! Oh, yes, and here's a John. Oh, Aunt Elon, listen to this—'John Eldridge's wife Rebecca Winslow died and John left for America to forget his grief.' It's the same one. It's got to be. It says here that later his parents followed and they settled in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Here's a little scrap of a letter from Margaret to the minister. It's practically glued to the ledger. And guess what! The minister's name was Eldridge. It says, 'My dear cousin, Reverend Eldridge.'"

Aunt Elon wasn't listening at all. "Does that throw any light on my

young man?" I nearly shouted. "Now do you believe the flood story? Now do I have your blessing to marry Cameron Eldridge?"

Aunt Elon was on her knees, looking into the old chest. But her eyes were not seeing rubbish or rubies. There was a kind of heavenly look, and it was my first intimation that Aunt Elon was so nearly through with the things of this world. It wasn't a fevered brightness—it was more of a soft luster, like the first rays of the sun, just before it breaks into its glory.

"The legacy!" she exclaimed softly. "Even hidden treasures. Better than rubies. Pearls of greatest price." She gathered the bits we had removed and placed them tenderly back into the chest and closed the lid with great care. "Diamonds in the rough!" Then she took up the cushion and picked her way carefully toward the ladder.

"First thing tomorrow," she said, "we'll call the wreckers. Tell them to start with the attic. But the old sea chest, that, child, is our legacy!"

Field of Hyacinths

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Here lies a field of starry hyacinths
 As deeply blue as any mountain lake
 That gathers blueness from its labyrinths
 To spread before the sun for beauty's sake.
 Oh, there are mirrored stars where skies have spilled
 Their uncut gems down midnight's purple way,
 And stars on water where the sun has filled
 The lake's blue bowl upon a windless day!
 But never were they beautiful as these
 With fragrance added, freed by sun and wind,
 And never could their thousand galaxies
 Be gathered in the eager hand and pinned
 Upon the breast, with petals redolent
 Of Aprils lost, and all too briefly spent.



Hal Rumel

TABLE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE S. WILLIAMS

And Now It's Spring Again!

Helen S. Williams

VIOLETS are blooming, and spring is in the air. There never could be a lovelier season in which to entertain!

Florence Williams looked out of her window and saw violets pushing their way through the dark earth—over in the corner of her garden rested an old rustic log. Yes, it's spring and time for another party, she thought.

Um, um, what an unusual centerpiece that log would make. I'll fill it with violets from my garden and these African violet plants from my window sill, and then, for a touch of color, I'll find some deep-red roses.

An idea was born on a spring day, and from it a beautiful and different table for a party evolved.

The old log was hollowed out and filled with the deep-purple violets and roses. There were small corsages of violets marking the places for the women guests and red boutonnières for the gentlemen.

The log, as you see in the picture, curved naturally, and was proportioned perfectly for the table which was laid for twelve guests. The beauty of this unusual centerpiece was that the flower arrangement was low, and guests seated opposite each other had no difficulty in conversing and admiring each other over it.

This same rustic log will be used again and again as the different seasons roll around. For early summer, perhaps, it will be filled with buttercups, daisies, and forget-me-nots. These will be arranged in the log. Hot paraffin wax will be needed to secure the containers holding the flowers. Then the flowers will stay as they are arranged without danger of slipping or falling.

When summer comes and gardens are a riot of color, Florence may fill this same rustic log with bachelor-buttons, poppies, roses, Shasta daisies, baby's-breath, and perhaps lovely little figurines, quaint and colorful, will be placed along the sides of the log.

After summer, fall days will roll around. Nothing could be more colorful or lovelier than to use this same log with green, red, and purple grapes, rosy apples, yellow pears, and, maybe, ears of corn and green peppers to give evidence of the bounteous harvest days.

With each changing season, the cloth used will carry out the color scheme and harmonize with the colors used in the centerpiece.

Yes, it's spring now, and violets are blooming, but summer and fall are sure to follow soon. Each season has its own measure of beauty and is resplendent with flowers and foliage, just waiting to be plucked and used by Florence to make tables and parties beautiful and different.

"Let There Be Beauty..."

Maryhale Woolsey

They err, who say joy cannot be in "things"—
That paintings, tapestries, a willow plate,
Or even priceless books and jeweled rings,
Are only dead stuff, quite inanimate.
They do not understand what I can see
Beyond some fragile object in my hands . . .
What voices, through my treasures, speak to me
Of bygone years, from strange and distant lands.

For Persia's patient weavers were my kin,
And China's old men at their potters' wheels;
Smiths, sculptors, poets—all who knew within
Their hearts, such love for beauty as mine feels.
Across dim centuries we speak the common tongue
Creativeness has known since time was young.

Home Laundering

Rhea H. Gardner

Extension Service Home Management and Furnishings Specialist,
Utah State Agricultural College

THE term "blue Monday" arose out of the common practice of homemakers doing the family wash on Monday. With the meager and inefficient equipment and supplies homemakers had to work with, there is no wonder a state of depression settled over the homemakers of bygone days as they faced their laborious task of doing the family wash. Truly it was a full day of hard work for many mothers.

While women in general were laboring, often without the help of any mechanical aid, to free clothes of soil, there were men and women working almost as energetically in laboratories to discover easier and more efficient ways of doing the task. As a result of the labors of this group, much of the worry and hard work has been taken out of washday, and the life of laundered items has been greatly extended.

Efficient labor-saving equipment and supplies in the stores, however, are just part of the solution leading toward snowy white washes done with a minimum expenditure of time and energy. Equipment must be used efficiently. Good work habits must be practiced by persons doing the home laundering before "blue Mondays" can be entirely forgotten.

Kinds and varieties of laundry aids seem to increase almost daily. Shoppers wishing to make the best choice for their particular needs are often bewildered as they view the vast array now available. There is no doubt regarding the great advance

that has been made in providing more efficient products for the home laundress, but they must be bought with caution and understanding, if progress is to be noted in the final results of their use.

Today's home laundress will do well to read labels and follow directions with great care. Measuring devices and temperature indicators are needed just as much today in the laundry room as in the kitchen. Easier washdays and fewer gray washes are easily attainable with correct use of laundry aids now available.

By far the most important laundry aid is a good cleanser or detergent. Today we have two kinds of detergents, soap and soapless. The latter are commonly referred to as synthetic detergents or syndets. Within each group are mild and all-purpose detergents. The first are intended to remove light soil from delicate fabrics. The latter are heavy-duty cleansers intended for the general family wash. Great damage may result from using a cleanser stronger than is necessary. Likewise, washday blues are almost sure to result if mild cleansers are used to remove deep soil from cottons and linens.

Just what is the difference between these two kinds of detergents, soap and soapless, and how can they best be used? These are questions many are asking.

Soap is an efficient and economical detergent when used in soft or softened water. When it is put in hard water, free minerals in the

water mix with ingredients in the soap to form a scum. By adding more and more soap, the scum is eventually dissolved, but it is expensive to use soap as a water softener. A better practice, if wash water is hard, is first to soften the water, and when the softener is dissolved, add soap. The idea that soaps have a definite advantage over even the best synthetic detergent for washing clothes, provided that the water is soft or softened, is not without support from many who have done extensive research in this field. Soaps seem to have the ability to remove dirt that syndets just won't get out. The effectiveness of soap depends on maintenance of active suds to float the soil, keeping it from settling on the clothes. Broken-down suds permit the soil to collect on fabrics, thus a dingy wash results.

Syndets, like soap, are also made from oils, but they are treated in a much different way and are much more complex in their chemistry. In addition to fat, general purpose syndets have other ingredients added, such as water softeners, bleaches, fluorescent dyes, ordinary bluing, and products that will protect metal parts of the washing machine. The big advantage in the use of syndets is that they can be used successfully in either hard or soft water. While they will completely dissolve in cold water, they, like soap, clean best in hot water (140° to 160°F), a temperature too hot for your hands. A good two-inch suds is important for good performance. Too much or too little will minimize the cleansing power, therefore, it is wise to use the least amount of detergent that will do the work.

Don't change from one detergent to another every washday or so, and never mix detergents. Washday blues await if you start a wash with one brand, then add another one to the same wash water.

THE removal of soil from clothes is just one part of the laundry process. A thorough rinsing of clothes is likewise important. If wash water is hard, soften the first rinse, at least, for it is in the first rinse that scum causes most trouble. If the conventional washer is used, lift clothes up and down in the rinse water several times before putting them through the wringer. Minimize wrinkles in clothes by putting them through the wringer as smooth as possible. Sheets, towels, and underclothing are almost wrinkle free when dry, if care is taken to eliminate unnecessary wrinkles earlier.

The sale of bleaches has greatly increased during the past few years. A bleach is a poor substitute for a good washing, but it is frequently necessary. If a bleach is used in proper amounts and thoroughly rinsed out of clothes before they are dried, very little, if any, damage is done.

Chlorine bleaches are fast acting and are safe to use on white and colorfast cottons. Sodium perborate bleaches are designed for use on synthetic fabrics. They can safely be used on all fabrics, but, because of their comparative mild, slow action, they are not recommended for cottons. All bleaches increase in efficiency with increase in water temperature up to that recommended for general washing. In every instance instructions that appear on the label should be carefully fol-

lowed. Some dry bleaches are so highly concentrated, real damage could result if they were used without being properly diluted.

If you are sure bluing is needed, use it with caution. Some brands may be added to the wash water prior to adding the clothes. Other brands must be used only in the rinse water. If there is iron in the wash water, it reacts with certain kinds of bluing to cause rust spots and finally holes in clothing. When used only in the rinse water this does not happen.

Even though fabric manufacturers are making more and more materials with finishes that are not appreciably removed by washing, there is still hardly a fabric that will not stay clean longer, wash easier, and last longer, if it is given a touch of starch when it is laundered. Starch replaces some of the smooth finish which eventually washes out of many washable fabrics. The smooth, slightly crisp surface finish of a starched material sheds dust and dirt much better than the rough surface of unstarched fabrics. As a result, clothing that has been lightly starched may be worn longer than unstarched articles. Soil is also removed more easily. The tendency of nylon tricot slips to stick to the wearer is much less when they are lightly starched. Stains are much easier removed from items such as luncheon cloths, if they are lightly starched.

TO soak or not to soak clothes prior to washing has been a controversial issue for a long time. Now it is quite generally believed that a twenty-minute soak in warm water softens the fabrics, loosening

the soil. This practice shortens the washing period and is a good practice before plunging them into hot wash water. If the water is very hard, add a little water softener to the soak water.

Many of the newer synthetic fibers require special care in laundering. The finishes and chemical composition of them cause soil to be attracted to them and released from them in a manner quite different from the natural fibers we have used for so long.

Synthetic fibers are generally easily washed, because dirt is not carried into the fibers. Thus the cleansing of these fabrics is more a matter of washing off the dirt, rather than getting it out of the fibers, as is necessary with cottons, woollens, and some rayons.

Most synthetic fabrics can stand water just as hot as can any other fibers, but because soil is not imbedded in the fiber, it is seldom necessary. Also, outer garments made of synthetic fibers may be unnecessarily wrinkled if washed in very hot water since the fibers are thermoplastic. That is, they melt when high temperature heat is applied.

White nylon, although generally not regarded to be readily dyeable, does have a phenomenal ability to pick up color from other articles washed with it. Such discolorations are often very difficult to remove. White nylon should, therefore, always be washed alone, preferably before anything else has been washed in the suds.

Nylon, dacron, and orlon blouses or shirts pick up dirt rather permanently around the neckbands and around the edges of the sleeve cuffs.

This is due to the electrastatic properties and to their absorbency of oily dirt. Before putting these articles in to be washed, rub the deeply soiled areas with a soft brush and a good wetting agent, such as a hair shampoo or mild syndet. Stains of this kind are much more difficult to remove after the article has been washed than before. After washing and rinsing, remove excess moisture by squeezing the fabric through the clenched hand or patting it with a bath towel.

When washing a fabric of blends of two or more fibers, treat it as you would the most delicate fiber present.

Because little heat can be applied to the newer synthetic fibers to remove wrinkles, it is important to minimize wrinkling, by folding blouses, shirts, and even curtain panels and washing them in that shape. There will be far fewer wrinkles formed than if the article is put into the washing solution in a mussed up condition. If there is

an ample amount of sudsy water, so articles can move freely about during the washing process, there will be less chance that the fabrics will be damaged, wrinkles formed, and seams damaged.

The advent of automatic appliances and rapid development of new detergents, bleaches, and other washing aids, new synthetic fabrics, and finishes and treatments of all kinds of fabrics, have made laundering practices and techniques of past generations obsolete.

Today it is more important than ever before that we buy carefully, keeping in mind such all-important factors as colorfastness, shrinkage control, and fabric and garment construction. Buying with complete washability in mind, followed by careful observance of proper laundering methods, will reap rewards in money, appearance, time, and effort for today's homemaker, and "blue Monday" will be a thing of the past.

Grandfather's Peppermints

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Grandfather's pocket always held a store
Of peppermints—not to be eaten fast
But agate-hard, which a small tongue might explore
And savor slowly, a sweetness coined to last.

Inseparable from him as were his cane
And pocket watch; aroma of the mints
Accompanied his voice and sage advice;
Till "talks" with Grandfather left their mezzotints
Upon my growing mind as flavorful and nice.

This later day, nostalgia-dipped, mint scent
Brings back those flavored hours to be re-spent.

Why Not Be Happy?

Celia Luce

THE search for happiness is the greatest search of the ages.

All men are constantly searching, yet the way is there and clear for those who really take the trouble to look.

Fundamentally, happiness is a habit and a way of life. You can form the habit, if you will.

First, act happy. When things seem worst, just put on a smile and start to sing. It may not work the first time, nor the second, but if you keep trying, it will. Psychologists tell us that we tend to feel the emotions we act out. Act out happiness and you will begin to feel happy.

But there is more to happiness than just a smile and a song put on for the moment. Real happiness is a deep glow from inside that a smile and a song help create.

The selfish person cannot attain real happiness. Look around you. Do what you can to make your neighbors happy. If someone is ill or in trouble, try to help him and your own worries will seem less.

A surprise for the children brings a glow of happiness to their faces that will rub off on you. A smile of encouragement and love for your husband brings smiles and love back to you. How can you make life more interesting for your family and those around you? Each way you find is reflected back in happiness for you. Give all the service you can to others. But give it with a smile and a song in your heart. Duty done merely because it is duty will bring a sense of satisfaction, but not

real happiness. Add love to duty and happiness will glow around you.

If you have to do a certain job and can find no satisfaction in it, be sure you have interesting things to do in your leisure time. Hobbies and a variety of interests can keep you so busy that you will have no time for boredom and worry. And your interest in hobbies will spread through the family, helping everyone to be happier.

Do you use your eyes to add interest to life, *really* use them I mean? An artist and his family moved into a neighborhood. They employed a neighbor girl to help with the housework. One evening they sat on the porch watching the glorious sunset. The girl asked permission to return home for a few minutes to show her family the sunset. "There is no need to go," smiled the artist. "They can see it from your home."

"No, they can't," insisted the girl. "I never saw sunsets until you came, and they won't see it unless I go and show it to them."

A whole world of beauty is just waiting for you to look at it. Even the ugliest neighborhood has a sky. And there is the beauty of each plant as it grows—even a weed has symmetry and grace. Artists like to paint old boards because of the rich play of colors over their surfaces. Snow turns blue at dusk with the lighted windows shining a contrasting orange and changing the drabest spot to a fairyland.

Use your ears, too. Some sounds are full of beauty.

Look for the beauty in people. Every person on earth has much of beauty in him.

But to find real happiness you must face life for what it is. You cannot expect to have a life free from trouble. Trouble is part of life, and it has its uses. Each person who goes through great trouble and faces it comes out with a greater appreciation of life, and of the singing happiness in just an ordinary, trouble-free day. Little annoyances fade, and the way is cleared for great happiness.

Thank God for your great blessings, and let the minor annoyances take their proper place in the background. The great singing happiness of an ordinary day is too wonderful to be missed.

Facing life for what it is means facing death, too, realizing it means

a continuance of our life which opens up wonderful new worlds of happiness for each one who has lived righteously. Accept the fact that no man knows when his last day on earth may be. This may be it. Look death full in the face, then live each day as full of happiness and goodness as though it were the last you had to spend. Savor the happiness of each moment with your husband and children and friends. A calm acceptance will surround each day with its due glory.

Take each worry and annoyance out and look it full in the face. Is it important enough to take up your time? If, like most troubles, it is a little one, discard it. If it is a big one, fill your life as full as possible with service which will bring happiness and smother it out.

Winter's Last Fling

Bernice T. Clayton

Late winter smiled and promised spring
And then swirled snow on everything.
Down from the north an icy blast
Gave proof that winter had not passed;
An outraged nature, near to leaf,
Rebelled at promises so brief.
Great branches cracked as trees bent low
And snapped beneath their weight of snow.
Our cat, perched on a snow-piled rail,
Switched disapproval with her tail,
And shook wet paws as if to state
Her great disgust with snow so late.

Nature's Bouquet

Cecil G. Pugmire

PEACEFUL country lane! I have walked your path so many times! Would that I could share your soothing balm with all this tired, harassed and busy world.

I drop the limp wire gate and drag it back against the foaming, spraying headgate, guarded over by gnarled poplars — grandfathers in their half-bald, half-bewhiskered attire, but still standing in erect defiance of time, wind, and sleet. Whiffs of the pungent bitterness of the closely knit willow trees on either side strike and sharpen my nostrils as I plod my way through the deep wagon-rutted channels of the dampened, weaving lane. Fresh spears of timothy, like pastel paint splashed against deeper greens, cling to the enfolding willow branches, telling me that a load of hay has but recently pushed its way down the narrow lane. A scarlet-breasted robin flutters low from the worm-laden, spongy ditch where last night's irrigation stream ran rampant to the meadows below. Interspersed, here and there, between the graceful willows, the full-blown wild rose flaunts her delicate pink blossoms and sends dainty perfume to mingle with the crisp bitterness of the willow.

I love the hollow sound of the rattling planks as my footsteps reverberate above the brimming ditch beneath the bridge. Here, time is no clement—the world stands still just for me—all time waits just for me. I linger to watch the swirling waters carrying bits of flotsam and jetsam from unknown regions above and beyond—dried, broken twigs, loosened moss, a farmer's old glove, porcupine quills. A speckled trout flashes her brilliant colors. My mesmeric fascination is broken as a baby water snake slithers from the sodden bank and plunges into the pressing stream and is quickly lost to sight.

The willows drop behind, as I start up the hill, and are replaced by the lopsided log fence, toppling in aged abandon as if leaning for support one log against the other. The one rich, sappy brownness of the logs has turned to brittle silver. The lane meanders through the green alfalfa, where bounties of butterflies flit from blossom to blossom, playing hide-and-seek with the honeybees as they seek golden nectar from the blossom cups. The coolness and the greenness slip away as golden sunflowers rear their beacon faces above the blue sage brush. Bluebells, with their stepsisters, the sticky aromatic arnica, hug the earth, seeking coolness in its depths. Up, up, I climb, around the brow of the hill, where small, freshly pawed mounds rise like tiny pyramids where the squirrel and the gopher have tunneled their underground villages. A small, beady-eyed squirrel slyly pokes his head above his mounded home and watches me as intently as I watch him. I wink an eyelid! He is gone.

The nearness of the winding lane slowly broadens into an expanse of golden yellows. Broad fields of waving dry-farm wheat crown the sloping hills. Soft breezes send the grain bowing and curtsying in ripples of amber waves. I look down—down from whence I wandered. In the valley below the farm houses are tiny homesteads sketched on a pastoral painting—a church, a schoolhouse, and then I see—like a blue satin ribbon spread the length of the valley, the lake—Bear Lake. Blue, like the azure sky so near me, then clear as an aquamarine changing next to the greenest of emeralds, she flaunts her fairy beauty as if constantly touched by a magic wand. All of nature's beauty God has gathered together into a beautiful bouquet and bound with the streamers of the blue satin bow of the lake below.



Don Knight

MOUNT TALAC, CALIFORNIA
Viewed From Lake Tahoe

March Interlude

Pansye H. Powell

This is the quiet time before earth wakes—
The silent hour before the robin sings.
Now overhead the beat of eager wings
Covers the stealthy step the jonquil takes
Out of her winter dungeon as she breaks
The crusty earth. Each dewy morning brings
A greater warmth, recalling other things
When sun jewels crescented on frosty lakes.
Though every movement nature makes is slow,
When skies are clear like these and lupine-blue,
No one can question what the end will be;
For underneath the calmness, firm and low,
There beats the surge of life arising new,
Strong as the sun and constant as the sea.

Mother's Baked Apple

Estelle Webb Thomas

THERE was a loud clatter and a muttered exclamation from the kitchen. I shuddered and braced myself, knowing the hard work Tom made of cooking. I'd said I could eat only a piece of toast and a cup of cocoa for supper, and he seemed to be tearing the house down preparing even that. Presently, he shoved the bedroom door open and came in with a tray. He looked so funny, so tall he barely made the bedroom door, and with his face so flushed, his black hair hanging over his forehead, one of my aprons across his stomach with the strings twisted in his belt, and the little tray in his big hands, the cup swaying perilously and the toast already thoroughly dunked, that I laughed.

"What's so funny?" Tom planked himself down on the foot of the bed and a wash of cocoa stained my nailhead spread.

"You made such heavy going of a cup . . ." I peered into the bit of muddy fluid that was left, and amended, "a half cup of cocoa and a piece of toast!"

Tom and I had always kidded hard and boasted we could take it, but now he glared.

"And just why wouldn't it be heavy going, when you have to crawl over two chairs and under a table to make a piece of toast around here? Can't you arrange the kitchen any better than that?"

"And is such a piece of toast worth all that effort?" I drawled, glancing at the poor little burnt offering, sodden with cocoa. "And

whose fault is it, Tom Thorne, that we live in a pint-sized house and have to be contortionists to make a piece of toast. Is it my fault I'm lying here helpless for you to wait on? If Tommy had anywhere else to play, I'd never have stepped on that marble . . ."

But Tom grabbed up the tray and stalked out, without another word, banging the door behind him.

Someway, that bang reverberated clear down to my toes. I had started to cry with self-pity, but Tom's set, white face and hurt eyes kept getting in front of the pathetic picture of myself as a poverty-stricken, overworked wife, and I had a sinking feeling that maybe I'd said too much. I knew I had when Tom didn't come in to kiss and make up, as he always had done before. I lay there tensely, waiting for his step, mentally preparing my defense; but as the bedside clock ticked off a half hour, I decided to be sweet and forgiving when Tom returned.

I could hear Tommy's prattle as Tom gave him his supper, and Tom's low, brief replies. No laughter, no shouts of glee from Tommy, just the clatter of dishes and an occasional exchange of words. I began to feel terribly hollow inside, and not alone from lack of food. Presently I heard them go into the bathroom and the sound of running water.

Later the door opened and Tommy shouted, "Now carry me in to kiss Mommy, Daddy!"

"Run in by yourself," Tom answered, and Tommy dashed in and

clambered up to kiss me. I whispered, "Now, run, honey, before you catch cold."

In an incredibly short time, considering Tommy's usual bedtime ritual, his door closed and Tom clomped into the kitchen. There was silence for a minute and then Tommy's tearful voice raised, accusingly, "Daddy, I'm ready to say my prayers!"

"Go ahead!" Tom shouted, above the clatter of dishes.

"But, Daddy, I want to say them to you!"

There was a moment's pause and then Tom said, gruffly, "You don't say your prayers to me. I'm not" He checked himself, "Not anybody," he muttered, and the bitterness in his voice stopped my heart for a moment, "not even man enough, it seems, to support my family." Then he raised his voice, "Go ahead, Tommy. You know how to say your prayers, you're a big boy, now!"

THERE was a startled silence, and then Tommy's little voice, hesitatingly fumbling at his prayers for the first time alone. Warm tears ran down my face, but I knew this was no time to override Tom's authority, and I checked my impulse to call Tommy to me. Proud of my restraint, I went even further, I decided that when Tom came to bed, I'd admit frankly the quarrel was practically all my fault. I began trying, mentally, to word my apology, because I really had not had much practice, since usually it was Tom who asked my forgiveness.

I could imagine his laughing, "Forget it, kid!" his warm, vital kiss, and the big bowl of soup he'd

insist on bringing me as a token that all was well. But he didn't come! And presently, a loud burst of music from the radio, told me he had settled down in the living room for the evening. Last night he had sat on the side of the bed and told jokes and made love to help me forget the pain in my fractured ankle. I shed a few more tears and tried to be patient. He'd have to go to bed sometime.

When he snapped the radio off, hours later, I started to wipe my eyes, and then decided I'd be more appealing with tear-drenched lashes. I forgot it when the unmistakable squeak of the hall closet door and his footsteps going back into the living room, announced as plainly as words that he was making up a bed on the davenport. Well, I had a long night before me for thinking. I had evidently hurt Tom desperately.

Men were so touchy! I began wondering how Mother and Dad had always sailed along so smoothly and wished Mother had given me her secret. But Mother never preached. She had her faults, just like the rest of us, and yet Dad almost worshipped her. They never quarreled, although Mother had a gay disregard for order and system, and Dad was a perfect old maid about such things! I remember him saying patiently, "If you only had a place for everything, Lucy, and everything in its place, you'd save yourself a lot of time and trouble," and Mother's flip answer, "I do, dear. It's the library table!" But in spite of their differences, they were the most devoted couple I'd ever seen and the happiest. After Dad's sudden death, Mother had

just seemed to fade away, although she had always seemed as sound as a winter apple.

* * * *

APPLE. The word suggested something — then it popped into my mind. Of course, the baked apple! It had been during Mother's illness. We had been terribly worried because she couldn't seem to eat. Then I had remembered Daddy always said, "I'll just fix your mother up a nice baked apple, girls. If there's anything she relishes when she's sick, it's a baked apple, and she thinks nobody can bake it like me!"

So I had baked an apple beautifully, and Mother hadn't touched it.

"Oh, Mother," I had cried, and I couldn't keep the tears out of my eyes, "you must be awfully sick, or you'd eat a baked apple! Or is it because Daddy . . . ?"

"Listen, dear." Mother had taken my hand and pulled me down onto the side of her bed. "Don't be hurt, but I can't stand baked apples!"

Then I had begun to cry in earnest. "Oh, Mother," I had sobbed, "you're delirious, you don't know what you're saying. You love baked apples!"

"Honey," Mother had said, with the twinkle again in her eyes that had been gone ever since Dad had, "I'm going to tell you a secret. Your daddy was a darling, but he never could cook. Not up to — not ever. But he never knew it, bless his heart. I remember the first meal he ever made for me—some trifling illness soon after we were married." She smiled her old, mischievous smile. "It was simply impossible. That is, all but the baked apple. There isn't

much you can do to spoil one of those, provided it's a good baking apple. Well, I detested baked apples, but I ate every bite of it and pretended it was so good I didn't have room for the rest of the meal."

"But, Mother . . ."

"Your father was so pleased and proud, he never forgot."

"You mean . . . ?"

Mother nodded, solemnly. "I had you six children and a broken leg, besides all the small illnesses flesh is heir to, and I ate baked apples through it all."

"But why didn't you tell Daddy? I mean later . . ."

Mother looked horrified. "And hurt his pride and spoil all the pleasure he'd had baking apples for me through the years? I'd have choked on them first! I never told a soul before, and don't you tell him, either!"

I knew now Mother was not delirious, for the hereafter was as real and close as the here, since Daddy was there.

She was silent for a few minutes and then said, with an apologetic smile, "I promised never to preach, dear, but always remember this one thing: a man's pride is a vital part of him. He can't live and be himself if you take away his pride and self-respect. A woman can recover from shattered pride, but not a man. That's the one thing he must never lose!" After a moment, she had added, "I'll be seeing Daddy again soon, I hope." Her radiant smile robbed the words of all hurt, "And when I do, he'll undoubtedly meet me with a heavenly baked apple. But 'until then, dear, just let me rest."

(Continued on page 205)



Martha Mary Barrett Tolman Finds a New Hobby

TWO years ago, when she was eighty-eight years old, Mrs. Martha Mary Barrett Tolman found herself a new hobby. At that time her eyesight became so impaired that she was not able to do the fine fancywork which had been her hobby for many years, so she decided to try her hand at making crocheted rag rugs. In this project she has found success and happiness. She makes her own design, chooses her own colors, and has completed twenty-five rugs in the past year. She cuts the strips of material on the straight of the goods, and she uses both cotton and wool material, but she does not mix the two types in the same rug. Using old materials, almost exclusively, she tries to find pieces that are colorfast, so that her rugs will be "bright and cheerful looking." Working with a steel rug hook, she uses the double crochet stitch, which gives the rugs a firm texture so that they will not pull to pieces when laundered. Many of Mrs. Tolman's beautiful rugs find their way into the homes of her relatives and friends, and in this way she spreads happiness.

In her girlhood Mrs. Tolman lived in Farmington, Utah. There she married Alexander Tolman and moved to Marion, Idaho. She attended the first Primary which was organized by Aurelia Spencer Rogers in Farmington, Utah, in 1878. Later, she was a teacher in Primary. She also served many years in the M.I.A., and was a Relief Society visiting teacher from her early womanhood until she was eighty-three years old. She now lives with her daughters, Mrs. Elva Lunt of Los Angeles, California, and Mrs. Alice Earl of Ogden, Utah.

Day Is Done

Mabel Law Atkinson

When the flames of life are embered
 Slowly, one by one,
 Let me hear a robin-bugle
 Calling, "Day is done."

Green Willows

CHAPTER 2

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Lillian and her friend Pat make pocket money by bicycling around Green Willows selling Kold-ayde. They visit the old-fashioned Diffendorf home where Pat's three unmarried aunts live. Agnes and Margaret are schoolteachers. Karen, the youngest, is preparing to follow the same profession. Margaret had once been in love with Dr. Turner who lives across the street, and Lillian and Pat cannot understand why Margaret doesn't marry the doctor, now that he is a widower.

EVERYTHING wasn't all right when I woke Sunday morning. My jaws were very painful.

"Mumps," said my father.

I could hardly believe it. There were only two more weeks before school let out. This was the best time of the whole year, and I had to come down with the mumps!

"Oh, dear," said Mother. "Just think of all the people she's exposed. I suppose she's exposed everyone who bought drink mix powder from them yesterday."

"Pat!" I said. "I've got to call Pat."

"You lie in bed," Mother said. "I'll do all the phoning necessary. We'll have the doctor in to look at you, and then I'll call Pat's mother. We'll get a list of everyone else I should call."

Father held my hand while Mother called Dr. Turner. "Don't worry, kitten, I'm sure most of the people you've exposed have already had the mumps. Of course, I don't know about Pat."

"I don't think she's had them," I said. It was beginning to hurt to talk. I couldn't tell where the hurt began and the lump in my throat left off.

Dr. Turner didn't laugh or try to console me, which made me feel better. I liked it better when people treated me as if I had some sense. After all, I was no slouch upstairs.

"Since both sides have come out at the same time, you'll probably be out within a week. This is a fairly light disease. Now, what about the people you directly exposed? Did you go inside anyone's house yesterday?"

He snapped his bag shut and stood up. He was really tall, as tall as Daddy. He wasn't too old looking either. On consideration, I could see why Myra Johnson might be chasing him like everything. He was smoothing his sandy hair back, waiting patiently for my answer.

"Well, yes, I did directly expose Pat's Aunt Agnes and her sister Margaret Diffendorf. We were right next to Margaret for a long time," I added.

"If Pat hasn't had them, she probably will now." Dr. Turner looked out into the sunshine through my window. "I'll call Agnes and—Margaret. I can give them a test to see if they're immune or not to mumps if they haven't had them. If they're already immune to mumps, they won't need the

shots." He smiled at me. "Of course I may not be able to get either one to come to my office. I suspect Margaret's immune because when I was a little boy, I exposed her once myself."

"But she should come in for the test," I reminded him when he didn't say anything for a moment.

"Oh, definitely," he said, "but I rather doubt that she will." He stood up to go.

"Why?" I asked.

"You ask far too many questions, Lillian," Mother said, coming into the room.

"Oh, that's all right," said Dr. Turner. "I always asked a lot myself. It's not getting the right answers you have to worry about, Lillian."

Mother and Father followed him out, getting all the last-minute instructions and directions about me. Well, I'd probably be back for the last two or three days of school, anyway. I wished I could use the telephone, but that was absolutely forbidden. One thing, Beany wouldn't have me to pester. I thought a moment. I was going to miss seeing Beany as much as Pat. I turned over and went to sleep.

THAT week I read through several of the Louisa May Alcott books I had and started on Robert Louis Stevenson. Mother said I read too much, but it helped the time pass more quickly. Pat wrote me a letter every day, and Beany wrote me twice. Beany began with "Hi, Jerk !!!" I liked Pat's letter better. She wrote:

Dearest Friend, I guess we won't sell Saturday because you'll still be too swol-

en??? Ant Agnes is sure she's immune to mumps, because she had both sides a long time ago. Ant Margaret doesn't think she is immune, but she hasn't gone for her test yet. She is too busy, she says. Maybe the first part of next week, though that may be too late for the shots if she isn't immune. Ant Margaret isn't going to Europe. She's going to help with the straw hat theater here for the summer. We could help, but we're too young, as usual. An instructor from the University up in Orchard City is going to be the director. Ant Margaret's going to help him. I guess they hope everybody from all around will drive out here to see the plays. We can go if we earn enough money for tickets. I bet we can anyway, because I'll just ask Ant Margaret for tickets if we don't earn enough. I am dying to see you. Dr. Turner's boy Philip is coming and boy are the girls getting excited. I hope you get well soon so we can be ready for all the things that are happening. Miss Fitch says you don't have to worry about making anything up. I wish I had your brane.

Love and kisses,
Pat.

On Wednesday of the next week Mother dropped into Dr. Turner's office with me for my slip to go back to school. We sat in the outer office and waited. The nurse said it wouldn't be very long, because there were only about three people before us.

Mother and I went over and sat by Pat's Aunt Margaret. "Oh, Margaret," Mother said, "I'm so sorry about Lillian exposing you. Are you having to get the shots?"

Margaret Diffendorf looked up from the magazine she was holding. She wore a brown tweed skirt with a beige sweater across her shoulders buttoned at her throat over a cream-colored blouse. She was really pretty, I thought, but she seemed so nervous. She put the magazine back on the table.

"Well, not really," she said. "You see, I'm just coming in for the test. In fact, I'm not even sure I'll wait. Agnes was so sure I'd be immune, but I thought perhaps I should stop by for the test." She fumbled with a button on her sweater.

"I thought you were supposed to come in within three days after exposure," I said, and then I could have bitten my tongue. I never was careful enough of what I said. Suppose I'd spoiled it.

"Yes, well, you see, I'm afraid I just never did get around to it. I guess this is all useless . . . I really shouldn't wait. Been so busy with school on, you know."

She turned to go, but Dr. Turner came out just then. "Margaret!" he said with real warmth. "Did you come at last? Oh, yes, about the mumps. Well, Lillian, be with you in a moment. You should have come sooner, Margaret. Oh, no, don't go. Come in, and we'll try the test anyway . . ."

Margaret hesitated again. "I guess it's really too late . . ."

"No, it's not too late," the doctor said urgently.

"You can come in this room," the nurse said to Mother and me, and we followed her in.

The doctor stopped in with us a moment, felt both sides of my neck and wrote out a slip. "You never looked better, Lillian," he said. He seemed very happy, and his blue eyes sparkled.

"He's certainly happy today," Mother said when he slipped out again. Mother picked up her purse to go. We could hear him talking to Margaret.

"Just slip back the sleeve of your sweater, Margaret. We inject the

fluid just under the skin in your arm. How have you been? Remember when I exposed you to the mumps? I never did return your Robinson Crusoe book."

"Agnes wouldn't let me take it back. She said it was contaminated." Margaret laughed. "I really must be immune. I would have caught them from you, if I hadn't been."

"I'm sure you must be, too," said Dr. Turner.

"Well," said Mother dryly, "I suppose we can settle our bill with Miss Kennicott?"

"Oh, surely," said Dr. Turner's nurse. "I can take care of your bill."

Mother hustled me along, but I could hear Margaret's laugh coming clear and sure through the door and the warm, rich voice of Dr. Turner. The day seemed wonderful. Tomorrow I was going back to school. And as soon as I got home I was going to call Pat.

"We'll have to hurry or your brother's going to get home before we do and spoil his dinner by sampling everything he can find."

Mother started the car, and I slid in beside her. I thought of asking if I couldn't walk over to Pat's, but I decided it was too close to dinner-time. It was a beautiful spring afternoon. Tulips in all the front yards sparkled in all their color against the background of green grass and blue sky and golden sun. I got on the phone as soon as we got home.

"Pat? Pat, this is Lillian." I held the phone away from my ear while she squealed. "I'm coming back to school tomorrow." I held it away again while she squealed. Then

we got down to business. There was everything that had been happening at school for us to discuss. I'd missed Church last Sunday.

"Lillian, you have to come to dinner next Sunday," Pat said. "Ask your mother tonight. Yes, it's still your turn. You couldn't come last Sunday, so we just postponed your Sunday. I'll hold the line while you ask her."

I asked Mother. She was busy with the dinner in the kitchen. "Is it your turn, Lillian? Yes, I guess it's your turn to go there. All right, dear. Now hurry up and get off the phone. Daddy will be coming in any minute, and he doesn't want you to use that phone too long at one time."

"Yes," I told Pat, "I can come next Sunday. I'll stop by for you in the morning. If Mother insists on driving me, we'll pick you up just the same on the way to school. Oh, just because of the mumps, she's making me be careful for a little while."

"I'm glad I didn't get them," Pat said.

"Don't be so dumb, Pat. You may come down with them any time for the next few weeks."

"Oh, no!" Pat screamed.

Just then Daddy came in the front door so I hung up.

It seemed strange to go back to school for just the last three days of the year. We really felt bad school was letting out. Vacation was wonderful, but it was sad just the same to say goodbye to the teachers and school. Saturday we didn't go selling because Mother wasn't sure my strength was back. It was back, but Mother thought I'd better not, so I really looked forward to Sunday.

Sunday in Green Willows was wonderful. I couldn't remember a day more sunny or warm or nice. Almost everybody in Green Willows went to Sunday School. Pat was already there, and we shared a book for the singing. I could hardly wait to get to my class.

"Dr. Turner's here with his mother and Philip, his son," Pat whispered. "Phillip's dreamy. He's grown during the winter so he's almost as tall as we are!"

AFTER Sunday School we waited on the steps so I could get a good look at Philip, who had been going to school in his other grandmother's town. I'd seen him many summers before, and, of course, when he was younger, he'd lived here all the time. But since his mother's death, he had stayed mostly out of town with his maternal grandmother, who grieved so over her only daughter's death. Dr. Turner's mother was in a wheelchair most of the time.

"Hi, Phil," Pat and I said almost in unison.

"Hi," Philip said, and he hurried on to catch up with his father who was settling his mother in the car. Phil had nice, blonde curly hair, but he didn't seem very enthusiastic about Pat or me, I thought.

"It's just because he doesn't know us yet," Pat said. "You wait, we'll have him eating out of our hands. Come on, Daddy's waiting."

"Oh," said Pat's mother when we were halfway home, "are you coming to dinner today, Lillian?"

"Mother!" Pat said leaning forward on the car seat, "I asked you!"

"That's right," said Pat's mother. "Well, we're eating dinner up at

Aunt Agnes' today, if you girl's don't mind. I forgot all about your coming, Lillian, and promised her at Church."

"Well," I said, "do you think she'll mind my coming up there?"

"Oh, no, no, no! They always have more than enough to eat. I'm sure they'll love having you. I'll call as soon as we get home to make sure. We're not going to eat until two."

Pat groaned. As usual we were starved, but I thought it would be fun to visit up there. We thumbed through *Grimm's Fairy Tales* while we waited for Pat's mother and father.

"Well, I think we can go now," said Pat's mother. "Aunt Agnes says to tell you you're more than welcome, Lillian. They expecting the director of the summer theater for dinner, also. Agnes said Margaret said he literally invited himself. I guess it's lonely way out here for him."

"There's only the cast, the crew, and half the local people to keep him company out there every day," Pat's father said dryly. "He probably wanted a home-cooked meal."

"Yes, that must be it," said Pat's mother.

We drove up the long driveway that circled around in back of the old Diffendorf house. There was an old carriage house in back that we loved to play in. Pat's father parked the car in front of it. Karen stood on the back steps smiling at us.

"Dinner ready?" Pat's father wanted to know.

Karen laughed. "It is. Agnes is delivering the final blows. She won't let us fuss much on Sunday, you know."

"That's the way it should be." Pat's father kissed her on the forehead, and Pat's mother kissed her on the cheek. Margaret opened the back screen door. "Come in this way. You don't need to walk all the way around to the front."

We entered the tall, cool back hall. Pat's father called hello at the kitchen door.

"Go in the front room; take care of them, Margaret. Our dinner's been cooking while we were at Sunday School, so we're almost ready to eat," Aunt Agnes called from the kitchen.

WE went up the hall toward the front of the house.

"Would you like to come upstairs and freshen up a bit?" Margaret stopped at the bottom of the stairs.

"I would," I said. Everybody laughed, but I loved to see the high old-fashioned beds with their huge feather mattresses. Looking out of the high windows reminded me of princesses in castles.

We walked upstairs, and Pat's mother left her purse on the bed. I put my sweater beside it.

"Say," Pat's father called, "I hear we're not the only ones coming to dinner. What's the director of those plays called?"

We went back down the stairs. "It's Alder," Margaret said. "John Alder. He's very good, I understand. I've only met him once."

Karen stood in front of the small fire they had built to take the chill off the room. "I think there's someone at the front door now," she said.

"Oh, yes," said Margaret. She went into the front hall. "Just a small family dinner," she was saying as she came into the room.

Pat and I stared at John Alden, fascinated. He was tall and dark and very nice looking, but he looked almost too normal to be a director. We had hoped he'd be wearing a beret and a monocle or something.

Margaret made the introductions. "I've already met Karen," John said, looking at her gravely.

Karen was fumbling with the poker at the fireplace again. Her cheeks really looked warm from the heat, I thought.

"Oh, have you?" Margaret asked in surprise. "You didn't mention that, did you, Karen?"

"Well," said Karen, putting the poker down carefully, though it still

clattered against the coal scuttle. "It was quite a while ago, really. I had a class from Dr. Alder in drama at college."

"And then she promptly forgot me, I guess," said John Alder, coming over by Karen to help settle the irons that were now rocking precariously.

Just then Agnes came to the door and, after she was introduced to the new director, we all went in to dinner.

Roast duck my very favorite! I unfolded my napkin blissfully. There were definite advantages in having Pat as a best friend.

(To be continued)

Let Seasons Linger

Iris W. Schow

Let some snow fall in what we know as spring;
In summer have a few last leaves unfold;
When autumn comes and plants are tarnishing
Let late chrysanthemums mint burnished gold.

Send some belated dry leaves floating down
Where winter's dunes of snow lie gently piled;
And grant old age that life-prolonging crown—
To be companioned by a little child.

Monday

Dorothy J. Roberts

Today I have no secrets;
I walk upon the land
Open as a flower
Summered on the sand.

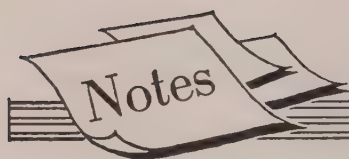
Today I have no darkness
In the world of me;
Faith is on its landscape
Healing mightily.

Fulfillment

Margaret Evelyn Singleton

Into days of sowing
Whispers rain
Reminders of growing
For plot and lane.

Hard buds swell
As blossoms rise
In the promise kept well
By springtime skies.



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Elaine B. Curtis

COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH), SOUTH COTTONWOOD SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING RECORD FOR SIX YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Marian M. Hanson; Maggie W. Smith; First Counselor Merle R. Mackay; President Frances L. Hull; Second Counselor Fern S. Rice; Secretary Hazel J. Janke; Edith T. Ferguson, visiting teacher message leader.

Second row, standing, left to right: Claudette R. Nielson; Donna R. Marsden; Ruth K. Reynolds; Gertrude H. Suess; Vivian R. Tuft; Elsa O. Fors; Helen K. Schulz; Minnie S. Fors; Ella J. Reynolds.

Back row, standing, left to right: Vir Jean H. Reynolds; Helen C. Naubaum; Gloria R. Reynolds; Minnie A. Barrett; Alice M. Dunster; Irene R. Reynolds; Flora B. Reynolds; Mildred M. Wilkins; Emma S. Holt; Berniece M. Madsen; Anita M. Maynes.

A number of the visiting teachers who helped to achieve this record were not present when the picture was taken.

Elaine B. Curtis is president of Cottonwood Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Elizabeth B. Reiser

BRITISH MISSION, SCOTTISH DISTRICT, GLASGOW BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Left to right: Anna Harvey; Isabella Kelly; Katherine McQueen; Mary Porch, Second Counselor; Ellen Martin; Margaret Hamilton; LuBeth Thomas, missionary; Vivian Brooks, missionary; Elizabeth Wilson; Grace Herbertson; Catherine Richardson, President; Mary Wishart, First Counselor; Mary Toughill.

Elizabeth B. Reiser, President, British Mission Relief Society, reports: "This picture is representative of the annual bazaars which are usually held in each branch. The Relief Society members enjoy planning and preparing for these bazaars during the year."



Photograph submitted by Rhoda Thorpe

HYRUM STAKE (UTAH), PARADISE WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR SIX YEARS

Front row, left to right: June Nielsen; Otella Atkinson; Julia Goldsberry; Amelia Fredrickson; Ida Newbrand; Zelda J. Howells; Bessie Nielsen, Secretary; Jennie Danielson, First Counselor; Esther B. Shaw, President; Maud Obray, Second Counselor; Zoe Tams; Josephine Bishop; Shirley Gibbs; Kate Obray.

Back row, left to right: Beth Rawlins; Clara Pearce; Illa Rae Richman; Winona Law; Veda Curtis; Bertha Johnson; Illa Pulsipher; Annie Obray; Dora Burrell; Sylvia Obray; Ada Nuhn; Edna Smith; Ferris Goldsberry; Veda Berry; Maxine Pearce.

Rhoda Thorpe is president of Hyrum Stake Relief Society.



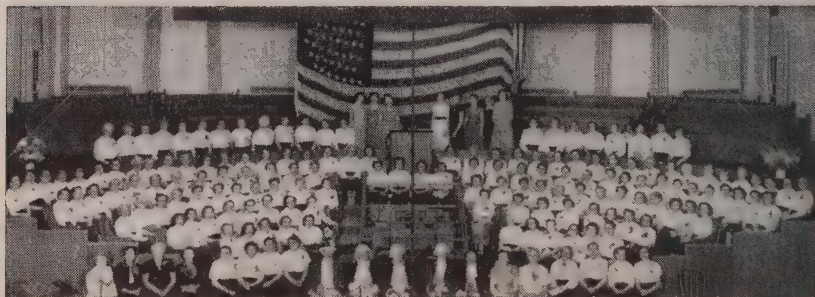
Photograph submitted by Lola D. Bryner

MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA), OVERTON WARD BAZAAR AND LUNCHEON
October 12, 1954

Left to right: Zelma Leavitt; Effie Perkins; Lola D. Bryner, President Moapa Stake Relief Society; Rosetta Bagshaw; Clara Logan, Second Counselor; Maudie Whitmore; Roma R. Anderson, President, Overton Ward Relief Society; Arabell Hafner; Dora Perkins; work director Dorothy Langford.

Many beautifully sewed dresses and aprons, as well as children's clothing, were displayed at this bazaar. An outstanding exhibit of house plants was one of the most unusual and popular features. Many items of exquisite handwork, including crochet and embroidery work, added to the beauty and interest of the occasion. Autumn flowers were used to decorate the luncheon tables.

Lola D. Bryner is president of Moapa Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Nida G. Jorgensen

RIGBY AND EAST RIGBY STAKES (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETIES PRESENT
"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE," July 4, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: readers from Rigby Stake Lola Williams and Thelma Dutson; readers from East Rigby Stake Mary Smith and Paula Newman; Anna Brady, chorister, Rigby Stake; Charlotte Brown, organist, East Rigby Stake; Ruth Ses-

sions, chorister, East Rigby Stake; Esta Brizzee, organist, Rigby Stake; Bob Burtenshaw, narrator; Willard Adams as George Washington, Gerald Lee as Benjamin Franklin; Morgan Lake, Jr., as James Madison; Charles Henry as Thomas Jefferson; Nita G. Jorgensen, President, Rigby Stake Relief Society; Virginia K. Campbell, President, East Rigby Stake Relief Society.

This patriotic program was presented before an audience of about one thousand people, who thoroughly enjoyed the pageant. The Singing Mothers choruses from the wards of the two stakes combined to make a wonderful chorus, with about 160 singers participating.



Photograph submitted by Bernice O. Dyer

WEST GERMAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY, BIELEFELD, RUHR, AND
COLOGNE DISTRICTS HOLD CONVENTION AT HERNE,
September 11, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Bernice O. Dyer, President, West German Mission Relief Society; Berta Hommes, Ruhr District Leader; Betty Noble, missionary; Crysta Gorts, Cologne District leader.

Lucie Wachter, Bielefeld District leader, cannot be seen in the photograph.

Sister Dyer, in reporting the activities in her mission, tells of a number of recent conventions held throughout the mission: "At each convention there were two sessions. The morning session was only for the officers of each organization, and instruction was given to them regarding their function as officers. The proper procedure of holding Relief Society meetings was also discussed, and messages of visiting teachers, prayer meetings, monthly officers meetings, Singing Mothers organizations, the November and March Sunday evening meetings were taken up. The afternoon meetings were held for all the sisters, and a good attendance in each convention was evidence that they are eager for such occasions At each convention also a handwork display was held, and the beautiful articles made by the sisters in each organization were exhibited to advantage. Much warm winter clothing was included among the articles, in addition to the excellent handwork, such as knitting, crocheting, and embroidery. One group has purchased a knitting machine, with which they make all kinds of warm knitted clothing. The sisters of the home branch in each case prepared a simple lunch for all who attended."



Photograph submitted by Vera R. Cantwell

CACHE VALLEY (UTAH AND IDAHO) STAKES SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSICAL, October 10, 1954

The Singing Mothers of eleven Cache Valley stakes presented a musical at the Tabernacle in Logan on Sunday, October 10th, for all the people of the valley. The musical was directed by Florence J. Madsen of the general board of Relief Society, and included a reader, piano solos by Irving Wasserman, and a trio by members of the Singing Mothers. The tabernacle was well filled, and the chorus sang songs they had learned for the general conference. The following stakes were represented: Franklin Stake (Idaho); Montpelier Stake (Idaho); Oneida Stake (Idaho); Logan Stake (Utah); Cache Stake (Utah); East Cache Stake (Utah); Mount Logan Stake (Utah); Hyrum Stake (Utah); Benson Stake (Utah); Smithfield Stake (Utah); and Bear Lake Stake (Idaho).

Vera R. Cantwell is president of Smithfield Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Adriana M. Zappey

EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY, ASHLAND (KENTUCKY) BRANCH BAZAAR, November 20, 1954

Left to right: Mary O. Hancey; Drema Harris; Beulah Sheffield, Second Counselor; Thelma Harper, district Relief Society supervisor; Myrtle Rice, President, Ashland

Branch Relief Society; Emogne Ferguson, Secretary-Treasurer; Gladys Tuttle, First Counselor; Wilma Jean Hays; Mollie Kirk; Amye McKinster; Elizabeth Smith; Mary Baker, literature leader; Betty Tuttle, social science class leader; Josephine Davidson.

Adriana M. Zappey, President, East Central States Mission Relief Society, reports that these devoted sisters travel long distances to attend their meetings, some of them traveling as far as sixty miles.

The November bazaar was unusually successful, and the sisters were enthusiastic over the displays, which included dolls and other toys, baked items, including cakes and pies, also various kinds of candy; quilts, aprons, pillowslips, pot holders, shopping bags, and numerous crocheted and hand-embroidered articles.



Photograph submitted by Julia N. Barg

PIONEER STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SERVES DINNERS FOR BUILDING WORKERS

Left to right: Julia N. Barg, President, Pioneer Stake Relief Society; Bertella Ashard, President, Twenty-Fifth Ward Relief Society; Lovell Smith, Second Counselor, Pioneer Stake Relief Society; Ellen Thompson, President, Poplar Grove Ward Relief Society; Sarah Marchant, First Counselor, Pioneer Stake Relief Society; Alice Vonk, President, Thirty-Second Ward Relief Society; Adeline Weaver, Secretary-Treasurer, Poplar Grove Second Ward Relief Society; LeOra Roush, President, Thirty-Fifth Ward Relief Society; Lucille Noyce, President, Riverview Ward Relief Society; Rura Woodall, President, Poplar Grove Second Ward Relief Society; Zada Jones, President, Poplar Grove Third Ward Relief Society; May Hays, Second Counselor, Poplar Grove Second Ward Relief Society; Ida Deters, First Counselor, Poplar Grove Second Ward Relief Society; Winifred Stanley, President, Twenty-Sixth Ward Relief Society.

When construction of the new Pioneer Stake Center started in April 1953, the Relief Society members of three wards volunteered their services, by rotation, each Saturday, to prepare food for the brethren volunteering their services on the building. At one of the union meetings President Julia Barg asked the board members and ward presidents if they would all like to help taking turns in preparation of food for the brethren, cooking a hot meal each Saturday. Everyone was happy to offer this service. A schedule was made up, with the stake Relief Society presidency and board members serving first, then each of the nine wards taking a turn.



Photograph submitted by Ida A. Gallagher

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH) CONDUCTS SUCCESSFUL FUND-RAISING PROJECT

Front row, left to right: Louise Hansen, organist; Rhea B. Nelson, First Counselor; Ida H. Steed, Second Counselor; Hennie Huetter, Secretary; Lazella Spencer, organist.

Back row, left to right: Peggy Dyches; Gertrude Humphries; Alice Turpin; Clara Duffin; Eva Eddington; Reggie Erickson.

President Ida A. Gallagher reports that the making of the friendship quilt shown in the picture was a most enjoyable as well as a profitable project. "Each person whose name is embroidered on the quilt gave one dollar to help in the building of our new stake chapel."

Perfume of Violets

Zara Sabin

Violets!

Perfume of violets.

For a moment we were together again,
Down on our knees by the violet bed,
Picking them eagerly, while overhead
The apricots bloomed, and across the street
A brown lark was singing so piercingly sweet
I thought his velvet throat would burst—
A bee droned near, the very first
Which had dared to leave his fast-sealed
Home A church bell pealed

Nothing was left but an old, old pain
And the perfume of violets!

Mother's Baked Apple

(Continued from page 190)

AS I thought of this, I was surprised to find my face wet with tears, for I felt so warm and comforted that, for a few minutes, I had forgotten Tom and I were at sword's point. Well, I knew what to do now. Mother had just told me, and the first thing in the morning—but why wait for morning? That was hours away, and I knew I'd never sleep. Besides, Tom was not sleeping either. I could hear him through the thin wall, flopping restlessly about. Undoubtedly, there were eight or ten inches of him hanging off at the foot, or jackknifed under his chin.

I didn't dare call him. He was angry enough to ignore me. I looked at my cutglass water pitcher on the bedside table. Just like a man to bring the very best dishes into the sickroom. It was one of our wedding gifts, and I loved it, but it wasn't any more important than my pride, and that must be shattered, too. I deliberately reached out to get a drink of water and knocked the pitcher on the floor. There was a splintering crash.

Then Tom, looking haggard and very wide awake, stood in the doorway.

"What happened?" he demanded.

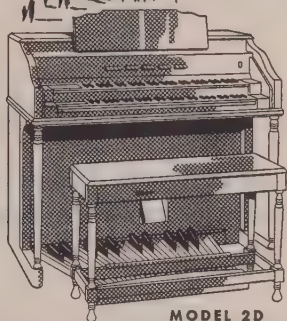
"I was trying to get me a drink."

"I'll get you a drink." Looking guilty, but sulky, he marched out to the kitchen.

"Anything else?" he asked, when I had gulped the unwanted water.

"You might see if Tommy's covered up."

"Fine," he said, brusquely, sticking his head in a moment later.



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Then he hesitated, "Ankle hurting?" he inquired, reluctantly, "want a pain tablet?"

"I'm in a lot of pain," I said, "but it isn't in my ankle. It seems to be around my heart."

Tom strode over to the bed, an expression of consternation on his face, "Why didn't you say so?" he demanded. "I'll call the doctor!"

"I don't need a doctor," I said, talking rapidly before he could get away, "just a lot of love and forgiveness from the one who promised to love and cherish me in sickness and . . ."

"You know, darling," Tom murmured a moment later, with his lips against my ear, "you married me for better or for worse, and just be-

cause it's all been worse so far, you shouldn't . . ."

I put my hand over his mouth, "Hush, Tom! You know it's all been wonderful! I wouldn't change a day!" Then I made the supreme sacrifice.

"There's a pain in my stomach, too," I said, weakly.

His anxious look returned. "What on earth is it?"

"Nothing," I said, "absolutely nothing—but emptiness. Just bring back that supper you snatched away and I'll be all right."

Tom looked embarrassed, "Oh, that? I threw it in the garbage. But I'll open some soup or something."

A big bowl of steaming soup! How good it sounded. But I shook my head, firmly. "No, just what you brought before!" I insisted, and knew I was sentencing myself to a lifetime of muddy cocoa and scraped toast whenever illness struck. But the look on Tom's face was worth it, a thousand times over. Already, I could hear him climbing over the two chairs and under the table to hook up the toaster, whistling loudly off-key as he did so.

"All right, Mother," I said, in the general direction of the ceiling, "Satisfied? It's cocoa and toast for me, not baked apple."

A Testimony

Catherine B. Bowles

There is a nugget of gold to find
If sought by the searchers of right,
Moulded and shaped in God's design—
A precious jewel in his sight.
The value, priceless, needs great care
And is only found by faith and prayer.

Words

Christie Lund Coles

Words are gulls
That lift the curve,
Above the clay-bound,
Listening earth.

Words are moons
That wax and wane
And light the night
To dawn again.

Words are cups
With water fulfilled,
Where those who thirst
Are beauty-filled.

Words are fire
In warmth and scope,
Flaming, alive;
And words . . . are hope.

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at the Hill Cumorah
Leave Friday Evening, August 5th

Herbs for Modern Cookery

Dill

Elizabeth Williamson



DILL (*Anethum graveolens*) is an annual herb which grows to two feet, and, occasionally, three feet in height. It is a pretty herb, bluish-green in color, with lacy foliage and small, yellow, clustered flowers. It should be planted in the center of the herb garden because of its height. Originally it came from Asia and the Mediterranean area, and was probably carried across Europe by the Romans. Some varieties are native to Egypt and southern Africa.

The English use dill water for digestive disturbances. Of course, dill is most famous for its use in making dill pickles, but the seeds and leaves are good in many different dishes. Use the leaves chopped in salads, soup, and stews; sprinkle the seeds on boiled potatoes, lamb, and fish.

Sauce for Broiled Fish

(Pour over before broiling)

- ¼ c. melted butter
- ½ tsp. dill seed
- ½ tsp. chopped parsley
- salt and pepper to taste

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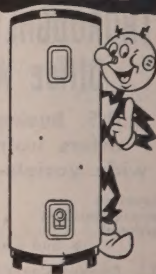
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Compiled by Bruce R. McConkie

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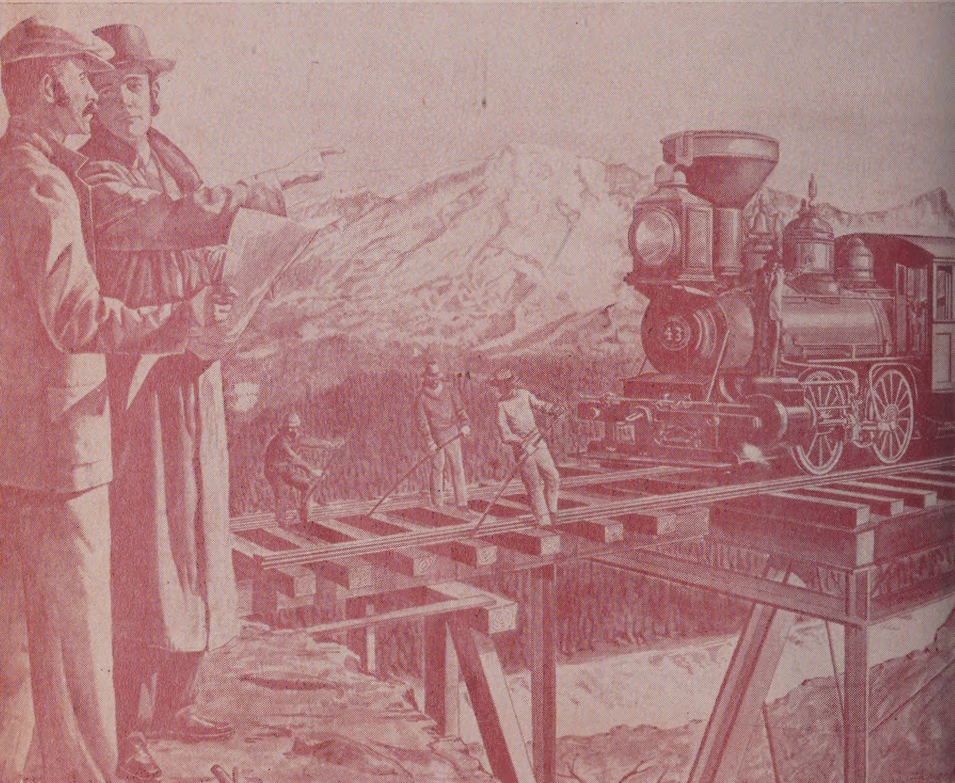
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